THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

MAY, 1808.

CONTAINING

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Embellished with—I. An exquisite Engraving of the Horse and the Lion, from a Painting by Stubbs.—II. The Shepherd's Dog, an Engraving.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Communication from Scotland relative to the new-invented Patent Gun-Lock, shall be attended to next month.

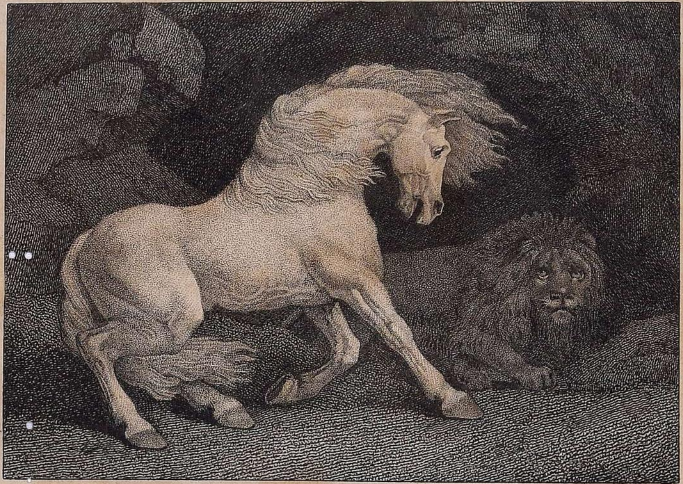
A Letter and Hand-bill previously received from Edinburgh, on the Construction of Manton's New Patent, shall likewise have consideration at the same time.

Irish Stallions—in our next.

W. W.'s favours are some of them used—the rest are deferred.

J. M. L.'s Poetry, and numerous other Communications, shall have due attention in next Number.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



HORSE AND LION BY STUBBS.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MAY, 1808.

MEMOIRS

OF

GEORGE STUBBS, ESQ.

THE CELEBRATED PAINTER OF HORSES.

One of whose fine enamel Pictures (the HORSE *and* LION) *we have been permitted to copy, and here respectfully present to our Readers.*

MR. STUBBS, the subject of these memoirs, was born at Liverpool very early in the last century. His father was a currier and leather-cutter in that town, of extensive business and great respectability. Young George was intended to succeed to his father's trade, but being rather of a delicate constitution, he was excused from the manufacturing part of the business, and principally employed as a clerk to the concern, for which, it will appear, George had no great inclination.

Stubbs, from his childhood, had evinced a taste for the imitative arts, and such was his predilection for them, that it soon overturned every other consideration, though it might tend ultimately to the highest fortune. His deep study of nature, and his fine pencil, together, with his exquisite correctness, enabled him, before he had acquired the age of fifteen, to produce many high-finished performances, and to become the admiration of all the ingenious men in that part of the country. His father, however, was his greatest enemy in these pursuits, and it was sometimes the case that correction of a very unpleasant nature took place, when the elder Stubbs found his books neglected, for what he would call an idle and unprofitable employment; but regardless of his father's leather-cutting attachments, Mr. G. Stubbs followed the bent of his genius, and would often steal from the compting-house to the close, to delineate the actions of a favourite horse, even at times when he knew that a discovery would provoke the whip, or the severity of parental indignation.

Every effort was now used to dissuade Stubbs from the use of the pencil, but in vain. The same cause (says the philosopher) will still produce the same effect. Our painter was determined, at all hazards, to venture for the wreath of fame, and to encounter every obstacle in his way, although he might lose for ever the friendship of his too rigid father. At length, by the persuasion of some who knew his merit, the elder Stubbs was prevailed on to give his son a sum of money, and to let him quit the ledger for the quiet pursuit of his more favourite study of animal nature. His first effort was the model of a horse, which he presented to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts in the town of his nativity. It so far met the appro-

bation

bation of the members, that they awarded Stubbs the gold medal, with a letter of compliment, and an order was given to preserve this effort of youthful genius among their best specimens, which was accordingly obeyed; and it is at this moment to be seen, with a modest eulogium on the base.

The fame of young Stubbs became the general talk of polished society, and several gentlemen of the highest respectability became his patrons, particularly the Earl of Grosvenor, who, with others, mingled purses, and sent the young artist to Italy, an arrangement the most congenial with his wishes, as he could there study, without interruption, Nature, and the productions of the greatest masters of the approved schools. Mr. Stubbs was now indefatigable in his endeavour to obtain the end for which he had left his native country; he frequently obtained prize medals, and his works were always admired and justly applauded. Having remained the time necessary for his improvement, Stubbs embarked for England, and during his passage he became acquainted with a gentleman, a native of Africa, whose taste and pursuits in life were similar to his own. This gentlemen had been to Rome, and was returning to his family: he was liberally educated, and spoke the English language with accuracy. His information made him a delightful companion to Stubbs, who had often expressed how much it would add to his gratification if he could but behold the lion in its wild state, or any other wild beast.—His friend, on one occasion, gave him an invitation to the paternal mansion he was about to visit. The offer was accepted with pleasure, and Stubbs landed with his friend at the fortress of Ceuta. They had not been on shore many days, when a circumstance occurred most favourable to the wishes of our painter. The town where his friend resided was surrounded by a lofty wall and a moat. Nearly level with the wall a capacious platform extended, on which the inhabitants occasionally refreshed themselves with the breeze after sun-set. One evening, while Stubbs and his friend were viewing the delightful scenery, and a thousand beautiful objects, from this elevation, which the brilliancy of the moon rendered more interesting, a lion was observed at some distance, directing his way, with a slow pace, towards a white Barbary horse, which appeared grazing not more than two hundred yards distant from the moat. Mr. Stubbs was reminded of the gratification he had so often wished for. The orb of night was perfectly clear, and the horison serene. The lion did not make towards the horse by a regular approach, but performed many curvatures, still drawing nearer towards the devoted animal, till the lion, by the shelter of a rocky situation, came suddenly upon his prey. The affrighted barb beheld his enemy, and, as if conscious of his fate, threw himself into an attitude highly interesting to the painter *(vide plate)*. The noble creature then appeared fascinated, and the lion, finding him within his power, sprang in a moment, like a cat, on the back of the defenceless horse, threw him down, and instantly tore out his bowels.

This was a grand study for our artist, and he has since made the most of it, having favoured his country with three fine pictures in enamel, perfectly descriptive of what he beheld. The first is the

barb,

barb, with the distant appearance of the lion; the second, the horse affrighted at the lion's appearance from the rock; the third is the lion seizing his prey: all of which are generally admired.

Mr. Stubbs, on his return to England, became exceedingly attentive to his profession, and was soon patronised by the nobility and gentry. His Grace the Duke of Richmond delighted much in his productions. Gentlemen of the turf were eager to possess a picture by Stubbs, and the sums he acquired are almost beyond probability. His four shooting pictures, in the possession of General Stibbert, of Mount Bevis, were sufficient to establish his reputation as a great painter, had Stubbs never covered another piece of canvas.

To recount all his beautiful productions, would outstep the limits of this memoir; indeed they are so well known in those circles where they are likely to flourish, that further description is unnecessary. Mr. Stubbs has left behind him enough to prove him an honour to the art in which he delighted.

He was a liberal and faithful friend, a good companion, and left the world respected by all who had the pleasure of his society. Paul Sandby, Esq. his beloved friend, followed him to the grave, and saw the end of one who was so dear to the lovers of the turf, the admirers of rural sports, and the sons of Apelles.

Mr. Stubbs has left many pictures, which have become classical in the great schools of Europe.—His anatomy of the horse is particularly preferred in the foreign Seminaries; and he has left this lesson to posterity, that whenever Providence bestows the gift of genius, opposition to its operations is futile and ridiculous, for, like the great luminary of nature, though clouded during a short period, it will repel all obscurity, and shine out with redoubled lustre.

T. N.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1808.

EPSOM	June	1
Guildford		7
Bogside, (North Britain)		7
Manchester		8
Maddington		8
Newton		15
Newcastle		20
Ascot-Heath		21
Tenbury		22
Cardiff, Glamorganshire		29
Bibury	July	4
Newmarket		11
Canterbury		19
Exeter		26
Swansea	Aug.	9
Warwick,	Sept.	6
Kingscote		20
Lincoln		21
Newmarket First October Meeting	Oct	3
...... Second October Meeting		17
...... Houghton Meeting		31

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c. &c.

The King *v.* Richard Watson.

IT will be recollected, by our readers, that the defendant, in this case, had been dismissed from his Majesty's service, in which he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, by the sentence of a court-martial,

martial, of which the prosecutor, General Gwynne, was the President.

The defendant was charged with having written some anonymous letters to the General, with an intent to provoke him to fight, and with having personally insulted him in public, in consequence of that dismissal, on which occasion he was found *guilty*.

With the sentence which the law may inflict we have no business, but we shall presume to offer some remarks on the nature and spirit of such violations of the peace.

Agreeably to this case, as published, General Gwynne merely acted as the president or organ of a court martial, convened for the immediate purpose of investigating the alledged misconduct of the defendant, and for the ultimate purpose of preserving the discipline of the British army. If, under these circumstances, it were possible for the accused person, on conviction, to challenge the primary organ of that military commission, for an act of particular malice, which was *bonâ fide* the result of an unanimous and concurring opinion in that court; then we aver, that no gentleman could be found, sufficiently willing to hazard his public reputation, or his private peace, upon the issue of a question of such a nature. We can make great allowance for personal irritation, when the honour of an officer is accused on slight grounds, but when the nation understands, from the common bearing of the case, that the accused has been guilty of misdemeanors, in a situation where the responsibility of the offender comprehends the safety and dignity of the state in a greater or lesser degree; and, when the *fiat* of the sovereign puts the validity of the verdict beyond all question; the nation will expect a silent and decent acquiescence on the part of the criminated individual; and every attempt that he may eventually make, with a view to cast an odium on that tribunal of honour, before whom his infirmities or his guilt may have been investigated, will but operate to plunge him deeper in that species of popular discredit which he would appear as anxiously wishing to avoid.

The preservation of manners in civil life, forms the amount of social security and happiness; and, in pursuance of this conviction, all well-regulated and thinking persons agree in repelling rude and irregular people from a seat in their selected circles of friendship; being conscious that the practice of rudeness would endanger the harmony of the establishment; and when the evidence of such rudeness has been duly exhibited, there are few who would be hardy enough to plead for the re-admission of such an offender. As this position is undeniably true in regard to the usual forms of private life, how much more forcibly does it apply to situations of military trust, where the influence of an improper example becomes widely pernicious, and where the supposition of dishonour in an officer must be held above the sphere of a soldier's imagination.

The retrospective glances at General Gwynne, on his ascribed conduct, while on duty in America, could not come with a good grace from a person under Colonel Watson's circumstances. It doth not appear that they are supported by any correspondent authorities: and, what renders them at once suspicious and odious is, that they were

were urged and conveyed under an anonymous mark!—What character would be safe for a single day if it were possible for an anonymous writer to circulate his calumnies with effect, under such a villainous and dastardly mode of security? The slanderer, like the murderer, shuns the light, as long as possible; he aims his deadly blows at the victim of his antipathy, from the shades and fastnesses of concealment, and values himself on his diabolical address, in wounding innocence without danger or exposure. The manifestation of such a base spirit, in an ordinary member of society, is sufficient to insure him general detestation; but when it is called into action by a British officer, the emotions of the brave and the generous become too indignant for language to express. The iniquity is doubled by the meanness which accompanies its promulgation, and all consequent pity is withheld from the perpetrator in his disgrace, because his brother soldiers are not more disgusted with his want of spirit, than his want of integrity and moral honour.

In quitting a subject on which there is no pleasure to dwell, we merely add the sentence of the Court of King's Bench on Colonel Watson, passed the 23d instant, which was, that of one year's imprisonment in the King's Bench prison, and to enter into a recognisance in 200l. to keep the peace for two years.—Mr. Justice Grose, who passed sentence, said, that society would be in a lamentable state, if every Officer who gave his opinion upon a Court-Martial was compelled to answer for the same at the point of the sword.

W.

YORK SPRING MEETING.

THE following is an abridged account of the sport at York Spring Meeting: the details will appear in our next month's Racing Calendar.

Monday, May 23.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for all ages, two miles, seven subscribers, was won by Mr. Duncombe's br. f. Ceres, beating Lord Strathmore's br. h. Cassio, and Mr. Wentworth's b. f. Margaret.—Even betting between Cassio and Margaret, and 8 to 1 against Ceres. Won by a neck, and run in four minutes two seconds.

Mr. Goulburn's gr. h. Grimaldi, beat Mr. Benson's gr. h. Atlas, 500gs. h. ft.—Six to 4 on Grimaldi; won easy.

Mr. Brandling's br. h. Smasher, beat Mr. Wentworth's b. h. Centurion, 200gs. h. ft.—Six and 7 to 4 on Smasher: won easy.

Tuesday, May 24.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three-yr old colts and fillies, last mile and three quarters, ten subscribers, was won by Mr. Garforth's ch. c. by Hyacinthus, beating Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Hambletonian, the Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Pandolpho, Mr. Hewett's b. colts St. George and Stilton, Sir E. Smith's gr. c. by St. George, Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Hambletonian, and Lord Strathmore's b. c. by Hambletonian: 22 to 10 agst the winner, who won very easy, running the distance in three minutes and 35 seconds.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three-year old fillies, last mile and half, was won by Mr. W. Fletcher's bay, Miss Staveley, beating Mr. W. Sawdon's br. by Warter, Mr. F. Watt's bay, by Stamford, and

and Mr. Duncombe's ch. Laurel Leaf: 7 to 4 on Miss Staveley; won very easy, in three minutes and seven seconds.

Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, h. ft. for two-year old colts and fillies, two-yr olds' course, six subscribers, was won by the Duke of Hamilton's ch. c. Middlethorpe, beating Mr. Dinsdale's b. f. Fair Candidate, Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Hambletonian, and Col. Childers's ch. c. by Waxy. Six to 4 on the Waxy colt, and 2 to 1 against the winner, who won it easy; run in one minute and twenty seconds.

The Oatlands' Stakes of 30gs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. the last mile and half, eight subscribers, was won cleverly by Lord Darlington's b. c. by Archduke, beating Sir M. M. Sykes's b. f. Harriet, Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Hospodar, and his br. c. by Sir Solomon, Lord Darlington's br. c. brother to Expectation, Mr. Wentworth's gr. f. Irene, and Sir J. Lawson's b. c. Presentation. Six to 4 that the winner or the brother to Expectation won.—Run in three minutes and one second.

Wednesday, May 25.

The Stand Plate of 50l. for all ages, four miles, was won by Ld Strathmore's br. h. Cassio, beating Mr. Goulburn's gr. h. Grimaldi: 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Cassio; a good race, and run in eight minutes and five seconds.

DERBY AND OAKS' STAKES.

THE following are expected to start for the Derby Stakes at Epsom, on Thursday, June 2:—

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch. c. Rubens, brother to Castrel
Lord Egremont's b. c. Brother to Trafalgar, by Gohanna
Duke of Grafton's br. c. Vandyke, by Sir Peter Teazle
Ld Stawell's ch. c. by Sorcerer
Mr. Sitwell's br c. Clinker, by Sir Peter Teazle
Mr. Mellish's b. c. Bradbury, by Delpini
Mr. Ladbroke's b. c. Tristram, by Teddy the Grinder
Lord Derby's br. c. Jacobus, by Sir Peter Teazle
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Chester, by Sir Peter Teazle
Sir H. Williamson's ch. c. Pan, by St. George
Mr. Lake's b. c. by Sorcerer, or b. c. by Trumpator
Mr. Fermor's b. c. Jason, by Expectation.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

7 to 2 agst Rubens	10 to 1 agst Clinker
4 to 1 agst the Brother to Trafalgar	12 to 1 agst Bradbury
4 to 1 agst Vandyke	10 to 1 agst Tristram
9 to 1 agst Ld Stawell's colt.	14 to 1 agst Jacobus
	25 to 1 agst Chester

6 to 5 the field agst Rubens and Vandyke.

The following are expected to start for the Oaks' on Friday.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Morel, by Sorcerer
Mr Sitwell's b f Gooseander, by Hambletonian
Mr. Lake's bl. f. Oberea, by Sorcerer
Lord Barrymore's br. f. Miranda, by Sorcerer
Ld Egremont's br. f. Sister to Mouse, by Gohanna
Mr. Fermor's br. f. by Stamford
Mr. Howorth's b. f. Sister to Elizabeth, by Waxy
Lord Foley's f. by Vermin, dam by Highflyer
Sir F. Standish's b. f. by Sir Peter
Mr C. Browne's b. f. Anna, by Coriander
Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. by Stickler.

BETTING.

4 to 1 agst Morel	6 to 1 agst Oberea
4 to 1 agst Gooseander	8 to 1 agst Miranda, by Sorcerer.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF PARIS DESCRIBED.

Continued from Page 33.

JUGGLERS AND TUMBLERS.

BUT it does not rain now, and I had almost forgotten that we are to see the bustle in the streets. Should you not think that something very remarkable is going forward in yonder crowded circle of people? An old rope-dancer, perhaps superannuated, has taught some idle, blackguard boys, to tumble head over heels. A couple of his pupils seem to have escaped, with a view of carrying on business on their own account. At the corner of yon street they have spread a piece of carpet, so full of holes that it scarcely hangs together. They have endeavoured to give to their own rags the look of those worn by tumblers; and while one is rolling and tumbling about the carpet, the other endeavours to imitate the drollery of a buffoon.

That fellow with his cups is as little worth attention; he is a common juggler. But if you step behind the curtain for a moment, you will not repent it. You will find an extraordinary female, to whom nature has granted the ornament of man—a long, thick, black, capuchin beard. It is no deception, for I examined it closely. She is between twenty and thirty, has weak eyes, shaded by a pair of very bushy and coal-black brows. If you fancy to yourself a face thus decorated, covered above with a dirty white turban, with two full, white breasts; and the arms, feet, and neck, thickly overgrown with hair, you certainly will not think it a tempting figure. Were it not for her bosom, and her singing in such a clear and shrill voice, as to make people run away, no one would think he was looking at a woman. "She is a native of Norway," said her keeper, "and was born five hundred leagues beyond Bergen!!"

I pretended to be a Dane, and questioned her in her native language. This quite puzzled the poor bearded lady. "I was brought to Paris by my father, when only three years old," replied she, in a Parisian accent. Let us quit this object, to whom the petulance of nature has refused the usual attributes of feminine beauty. Let us rather cast a transient look on the numerous articles exposed to sale. We shall often find the most singular contrasts:—here you are offered baskets full of dogs of various breeds; there, portraits of our Saviour, consisting only of a sheet of paper, containing the well-known spurious passage in Josephus.

LITERARY BOOTHS.

In this small portable booth, filled with a great variety of articles, each is sold for eighteen sous—in that for twenty-five; and you find many things among them which you can scarcely conceive it possible to sell at so low a price. Close to them are laid upon a cloth a whole mountain of books of every description. "Buy, gentlemen!" cries the owner, "take your choice! six sous apiece!" Another envious hawker, to spoil his trade, offers his heap of literary productions at four sous. They generally consist of insipid novels; yet I have frequently found many good things among them: such as odd volumes of Madame de Sevigné's Letters, &c. I have put my hand on them the second or third touch. If one were to take time, and a little trouble, a small collection of good books

books might be formed for a few livres.

The old books on the balustrade of the Pont Neuf, and on several of the quays, are more conveniently exposed, but dearer, though dog-cheap, according to the vulgar phrase. To judge from the very handsome manner in which most of them are bound, they are the remains of libraries that have been destroyed. Here the most valuable works are often found complete, in excellent condition, and at very moderate prices.

THE JEWELLERS' SHOPS.

I perceive that the jeweller's glittering shop attracts your eyes:—your taste is good. More elegant workmanship is found neither at Augsburgh nor Vienna. I have no where met with works of art that can be compared with these, except in the manufactory of the excellent counsellor of state De Busch, at Petersburgh. It is difficult to leave this place without purchasing something. It is here that you feel tempted to envy the rich. But you doubtless perceive something characteristic of the present time in France, in the contents of that window, which is full of gold or gilt shrines for the host; a proof that there now is a great demand for this sacred article. Who has gained most by the temporary suppression of the Roman catholic religion?—The goldsmiths.

STUFFED BIRDS AND BEASTS.

I entreat you to go a step farther, for the man who exposes such a variety of stuffed animals, deserves admiration as an artist, and has certainly attained perfection in his art. Every thing lives and seems to move. You stretch out your hand to rescue the fowl from that fox, which is carrying it off in his jaws: you feel pain at seeing that hawk stick his talons in the defenceless fieldfare: you stop delighted before the cage in which the canaries are hatching, and the hens feeding their brood:—you smile at the fine shaggy spaniel carrying a lanthorn in his mouth; you fancy he stops only because the person whom he is lighting is not quite close enough to him. A great number of single birds decorate the back part of the shop. This charming art affords the Parisians this advantage, that a person who possessed a faithful dog, a favourite bird, or any other animal he was fond of, does not lose it entirely after its death. For a trifling consideration he preserves its exterior figure as natural as life. The prices of these curiosities are very low. The stuffing of a small bird, for instance, costs only three francs, if the bird is furnished by the customer; otherwise a little more, in proportion to the rarity of the animal.

AN AVIARY.

This theatre of inanimate bodies is, in some measure, preferable to that which swarms with living creatures, but which is rendered offensive by the disagreeable exhalations. If, however, you can stay a few moments in the latter shop without feeling indisposed, you will obtain some idea of Noah's ark, which could scarcely have been celebrated for its pleasant smell. Here you see lodged in a vast number of cages, grey, green, and party-coloured parrots, white cockatoos, superb India ravens, all of which scream at once, in such a manner as to deafen you. But you must not think that because birds are so plentiful, they are to be bought cheap; no: you could not purchase

purchase any of these for less than eight louis, unless it were yon sparrow-like parrot, that cannot speak, and never will learn; that you may perhaps buy for three louis. These foreigners with variegated plumage justly occupy the first row in the aviary. Next to them come pigeons and fowls of the rarest species, in great numbers; Turkish ducks, pearl hens, gold and silver pheasants, singing birds of every kind, from the nightingale to the greenfinch. Between these are placed spaniels, pug-dogs, squirrels, guinea-pigs, hares, and rabbits.—And here pigeons and young weasels, birds and Angora cats, are seen living in the greatest harmony by the side of each other. The walls are hung with cages from top to bottom, and even the whole outside of the shop next the street, is covered with them. Now let us enter this beautiful repository of household furniture, in which taste is subservient to luxury, and sometimes the contrary. But why should we trouble ourselves concerning this? we foreigners, who can carry nothing along with us! How great houses are here furnished, I shall not shew you in the street. For the same reason let us quickly pass this china warehouse, glittering with gold, where the brittle materials exhibit the most pleasing variety of colours. A charming sight indeed, indeed! and which has attracted my notice many a quarter of an hour.

LOTTERIES, &C.

Don't mind the woman, who absolutely wants to force upon you a ticket of the national lottery.—"Seventy-five thousand livres to be gained for a trifle," she incessantly cries, as if she had been taught by a Brunswick lottery-office keeper; but more modest than the latter, she does not pester you with letters, but only follows you to the corner of the street. Now you have got rid of her, a good-natured savoyard, who, if you please, will clip, wash, and comb, your dog—offers to clean your shoes. But you like to trust your feet only to female hands, and by proceeding a few steps farther, you may satisfy that modest scruple.

GAMBLERS, WASHER-WOMEN, &C.

I now propose to walk slowly down the Quay L'Ecole, and thus to terminate this day's excursion. We shall leave to the left all the coffee-houses and restaurateurs, however inviting may be the inscriptions, painted in large characters on the glass doors and windows: cold and warm breakfasts, fork breakfasts *(dejeuners à la fourchette)*, rum and rack punch, ice-cheese, milk-coffee, chocolate, &c. The next-door neighbour invites us to a game à la poule; the next to him offers a game at billiards; and a third offers capital March beer. But all in vain: we will walk on. Nor will we suffer ourselves to be tempted by the chesnuts roasted in the streets, nor the apples and grapes, nor the dirty ganymedes, who fill tin pots with an insipid beverage resembling the *slit* in Russia. Such a potful, indeed, costs only one sous; but I shall advise you rather to drink clean water, which you may have for nothing. Ah! how lively is the street which leads along the Seine! to the left is a row of elegant shops, where the productions of every part of the world, nay, even those of other worlds (for even the celebrated stones which dropped from the

 moon

moon can be bought here) are exposed for sale. And then the motley multitude of people, hackney coaches, and cursed cabriolets!—Now look down the river on the right. All the washerwomen in the world seem to be collected here. Ranged in rows, in long boats, covered with roofs; they are employed in mercilessly beating each separate piece of linen, which they afterwards throw into heaps. They brandish their thick muscular arms, and deal powerful blows, yet little noise is heard from their strokes, because they drown it with their charming prattle.

What this group wants in beauty is supplied by the different floating baths on the Seine, of which those of Vigie are particularly worthy of notice. In point of order and elegance, they are, however, in my opinion, far inferior to the floating bath at Berlin: but the superior magnitude of the Parisian is more striking, and some of them are rendered more agreeable by being surrounded by odoriferous flowers and shady trees.

THE PONT NEUF.

Let us, for a moment, ascend this new bridge, of which the government have made a superb present to the Parisians for their convenience and pleasure. Its pavement is as level and even as the floor of an apartment. As a flight of steps leads up to it at each end, so that neither horsemen nor carriages can annoy the pedestrians, it will become one of the most pleasant promenades in spring and autumn for the fashionable world.—It possesses another advantage, which is, that one sous must be paid for the liberty of walking on it, so that you are certain of not being molested by beggars.

What a charming view on both sides of this bridge! Every morning you may here see the curious spectacle of flat-bottomed boats, intended for the invasion of England, manœuvring on the Seine. The soldiers, it is true, are still very indifferent hands at rowing; and if the drummer, who is stationed on an elevated part of the boat, does not beat time, the vessel, with its numerous oars on each side, sometimes resembles a waggon going over a bridge composed of loose planks, which successively rise and fall as the vehicle proceeds. With a little more practice the men will do better, if the sea be only as patient an element as the Seine.

Industry and activity every where accompany this river. Hence it turns mills to furnish the inhabitants with food; higher up it carries vessels laden with charcoal, to warm them; farther down, the water is drawn from its centre to the shore, and there pumped through linen strainers into casks, to afford a pure beverage to the thirsty. These heaps of corn have likewise been borne up its bosom, and it conveys those pipes of wine unadulterated into the cellars of the anabaptists. Here you see a motley mixture of buyers and sellers. Take care not to go too near those black coal-heavers with your white robe; and keep out of the way of those merry quarrelsome Auvergnats, who are fighting for fun so seriously hard, that the blows would kill either you or me, if we were to receive such a drubbing.—They likewise speak a gibberish, of which we do not understand a syllable.

THE PLACE DE GREVE.

Let us retire from this confused crowd into that square. Alas! it is

is the Place de Grève, where, formerly, criminals only suffered death, but which, during the reign of terror, was stained with the blood of many illustrious characters. Here is the spot on which the guillotine was long permanent, and in yon corner is the lamp-post on which Foulon was hanged.—We will quit this place, which, a few days previous to the last execution, served for the exhibition of shows. For future executions, government has provided another place, in a different quarter of the town; where, I did not take the trouble to enquire, for I am not fond of such spectacles.

ITALIAN MOUNTEBANK.

In order to draw your lively imagination from these melancholy subjects, we will mingle with the crowd surrounding that mountebank dressed in scarlet. This man, with his aquiline nose, pretends to speak French with an Italian accent. "I am just arrived from Naples," says he; "I have heard of the good people of Paris. It is not interest that brings me hither: no, it is only the desire to be of service to the great nation, and the good people of Paris. Look here, gentlemen, at this invaluable medicine: every bottle of it costs, upon my honour, six livres, but I am satisfied if I can administer relief to suffering humanity. I ask nothing, nothing at all; I give away my bottles—yes, yes — I give them away. How? does nobody call? Indeed the people of Paris are better than they have been represented to me; they are too proud, too generous; they will have nothing given them. Well! not to offend your delicacy, I will set a price upon it. Instead of six livres, I ask only six sous. Buy! buy! buy!" And behold multitudes rush forward to purchase. Now we go home laughing; don't we, my sweet friend?

To be continued.

THE

PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

NO. VI.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong.

Essay on Criticism.

WHILE a fashionable young man was endeavouring to amuse me the other day, by playing two or three tender airs on the harpsichord, which he accompanied with his voice, I was more agreeably amusing myself in turning over a fold of loose papers, lying in the box from which he had taken out the music and songs before him. The bundle of papers consisted of manuscript music and old songs, some with and others without notes to them. One of these, called "*A Song for those that love hunting*," attracted my notice more particularly, as it appeared to have been long written, the orthography defective, and the hand-writing indifferent.

My musical companion having finished his song, I made enquiries about the manuscripts. "They are old scraps of my late father's," said he. "I have not looked them over yet, but intend to do it soon, and to clear the place. I do not suppose that there is any thing worthy of notice or preservation among them; for my parent was a slave to the chase, and whatever had a relation to it in the song way,

way, he was sure to get; that is, provided it was couched in coarse language, and stuffed with gross ideas."

"A song," returned I, "may be composed in coarse inelegant language, and filled with gross ideas, and yet contain much matter, and convey a pleasure to the mind by that very strength and grossness of the ideas. Such compositions excite attention, and, I think, have their merit. As to slavery, we are slaves if our minds are wholly absorbed by any one particular object, for he whose mind is entirely absorbed in matters of taste, elegance, and refinement, is as equally a slave as he whose mind and affections are wrapped in hounds, and buried in the chase. Every thing ought to have some portion of our attention, that every thing may have its due; but the man who is devoted solely to one particular concern or object, is criminally unjust to all others. The flower which has elegance of symmetry without perfume, must be praised for its simplicity and agreeableness; that which has a variety of varied colours, and some little sweetness, must be admired for its beauty, and praised for its agreeably mild perfume; but the plant that diffuses around it a strong richness of perfume will ever have the most admirers; and those in particular who admire intrinsic qualities above those which have only extrinsic perfection.—There is something in high seasoning that gives an edge to the appetite, and renders ordinary things more palatable than better are without it; as insipidity, even in the best of provision for either body or mind, is relished by a few only, while a due portion of attic salt will force the coarse morsel down." "Very well," said he; "pray have the goodness to read the song in your hand, which you seem to admire so much for its seasoning. To this request I gave a ready compliance.

A SONG FOR THOSE THAT LOVE HUNTING.

MAY I live to grow old, in a neat country town,
Where drinking and hunting may never go down;
May I ever be happy in Bradly and Brett,
John Deal and John Ford, and a true jovial set.
May I live in good fashion, not too rich nor too poor,
Nor tortur'd with care, nor dunn'd at my door,
But ale and good claret, enough and no more.

On a fine spacious plain, with a plenty of game,
Remote from all gentry, and men of ill fame,
With a gallopping horse, and a pacing-pad nag,
To chase the fat deer, the hare, and the stag.
May I live in good fashion, &c.

There was Cupper, and Tomboy, old Ruler, and Flutter,
There Roman, brisk Osbis, stout Toper, and Sutter;
There Jocky and Juno, brisk Lady and Mary,
Whose tongues are agreeing to Countess and Perry.
May I live in good fashion, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, and stout humming liquor,
With tobacco and pipes for to cheer up the vicar,
With a cleanly young girl to serve up my dinner,
Not twenty years old, yet a brisk tempting sinner.
May I live in good fashion, &c.

Let pot-hunters starve, and snarers be flamm'd,
Let poachers be cuckolds, and greyhounds be d—d;
Let death take their horses, and murrain their hogs,

And

And all to make pottage and meat for our dogs.
May I live in good fashion, &c.

With courage undaunted may I halloo all day,
And when I am gone may the better sort say,
That he drank with discretion, yet ne'er left a drop,
Till he laid himself down, and then slept like a top.
That he liv'd in good fashion, &c.

"Well, now you have read it," said he, "put it in your pocket; you are welcome to it, and as many more of the kind as you may think worth the carriage. They are of no use to me; I love soft music, and delicate smooth language." "But variety," returned I, "is charming. I grant that nothing can be more agreeable than the plaintive songs and soft sweet notes of the ladies; they are like the fanning breezes of the grove or umbrageous walk; but after having been so tenderly entertained, it is reviving to my heart when a hearty old buck of a sportsman breaks out humorously in a sonorous voice, and gives his companions a song similar to the above, which is like the warm vivid rays of the sun; and it is his rays that invigorate and stamp the manly character, and such, no doubt, was your father. I have heard that he loved staunch october, wine, and brandy.—" True," said he, "he did, particularly his october; one pint of what he called his own beer would make my head ache for a week;"—"A striking indication that," returned I, "that your head is weakly." "That is excellent," said he, much delighted with the play on the word.—"Your father, as I have heard, did not give up all his time to pleasurable exercise and conviality, but managed his business so well that he has left you in it, and in tolerable easy circumstances. He was no churl, he not only drank freely himself, and gave as freely to his companions, but he frequently made glad the hearts, and renewed the spirits and vigour of his labours, with a reviving draught of his brown stout; and the man who manages his business properly, sees that his men do their work, and pays them liberally for it, and withal cherishes their hearts occasionally to encourage them in well-doing, shall have success in his affairs, he may take his pleasure, and shall never want the means of doing it. M.

SPORTING ANECDOTES
OF THE LATE
LIEUT. COL. J. MORDAUNT,
Of the Honourable East-India Company's Madras Establishment.

Continued from Page 13.

MORDAUNT was little acquainted with the small sword, but was an excellent marksman, either with ball or small shot.—With the latter, he scarcely ever was seen to miss, and I have known him to come off winner when he has wagered to kill twenty snipes in as many shots; although he missed one bird, he made up for it by killing two that were sprung at the same moment, and which, flying across each other's directions, were shot at the point of intersection. He was one of three who, during one day, in the year 1786, shot such a quantity of game, chiefly snipes and teal, as loaded a small boat which conveyed the birds from Gowgautchy to Calcutta. His favourite sport was tiger shooting, in which he was often very

very successful, being vigorous, spirited, and expert; all which qualifications are indispensably requisite in that noble branch of the chase.

With respect to his use of a pistol, it was wonderful. I have often competed with him, but without the smallest chance of winning; he has frequently laid five to one, though he confessed I sometimes trod close on his heels. I have, more than once, seen him hit a common brass-headed nail at fifteen yards; and I would always have wagered on his side, when the object was an inch in diameter!

A curious circumstance happened to him while at Lucknow. An officer had taken offence at something he had said, and talked much of calling him to an account. He went to Mordaunt's with a friend, and there detailed the cause of his visit, in terms not cloathed in all the politeness the dictionary could have helped him to. He was heard very patiently, and after a very short explanation, found himself to be in the wrong. Mordaunt convinced him of his error, and reprimanded him for his manner of delivering himself on the occasion. After the matter was concluded, and they were perfectly reconciled, I happened to drop in to take a few shots, when the ability displayed by Mordaunt made his visitor look pale; he afterwards confessed to me, that it was well all was settled.

Yet, strange to say, when, a few years after, Mordaunt and another gentleman engaged in a quarrel of a very serious nature, with a third, whom they had accused of some improper conduct at cards, he missed his adversary, who, on the other hand, wounded both Mordaunt and his friend desperately. This was not owing to agitation, but as Mordaunt expressed, in very curious terms, at the moment of missing, to the pistol being too highly charged.

While speaking of cards, I must again state, that he was acquainted with all the ordinary tricks in the shuffling, cutting, and dealing way. Of this an instance is well known. Mordaunt observed, that one of his adversaries, at whist, was remarkably fortunate in his *own* deals; and, as he was rather a suspicious character, thought it needful to watch him. When Mordaunt came to deal, he gave himself thirteen trumps! This excited the curiosity of all, but particularly of the gentleman in question, who was very pointed in his observations on the singularity of the case; Mordaunt briefly said, " Sir, this was to show that you should not have all the fun to yourself," and, rising from his seat, left the blacklegs to ruminate on the obvious necessity of quitting India! Here, however, Mordaunt's goodness of heart was prevalent; for he obtained a promise from the whole party to keep the secret, provided the offender instantly left the country; which he accordingly did by the first conveyance.

With respect to the ordinary rules of arithmetic, no man could be more ignorant than Mordaunt; at least he never shewed the least knowledge of any thing relating thereto. He kept no books, but all his money concerns were on scraps, and under terms and figures intelligible only to himself. He had many extensive claims on the Nabob, and he had immense losses and gains to register in the I, O, U, way. Yet, even the most intricate cases never puzzled him; and, at settling times, he was rarely, if ever,

ever, found to be in error. This was one of the points in which he was apt to be peremptory; for no sooner did he hear a claim stated, which did not tally with his own peculiar mode of accounting, than he condemned it, in round terms, and would scarcely hear the attempt to substantiate, what he so decidedly denied.

It was well known that he could arrange the cards according to his pleasure, yet such was the general, I may say universal opinion of his honour, that no one hesitated to play with him, sober or otherwise, for their usual stakes. His decision, in cases of differences, was generally final; and many references have been made to him, by letter, from very distant situations, regarding points in gaming.

Mordaunt was so much master of his racket, and was so vigorous, that he would always wager on hitting the line from the over-all, a distance of thirty yards, once in three times. He could beat most people with a common round ruler.

If he ever did indulge in mischief, it was at this game, when his best friends were sure to receive some smart tokens of remembrance! I have had a ball or two from him, occasionally, which kept my back in a glow for hours. But he used to be terribly severe on a very worthy, good-natured civilian, Mr. Marcus Sackville Taylor, deputy to Colonel, now Major-General, Palmer, who was for some years resident at the Nabob's court.

Mordaunt never allowed the Nabob to treat him with the least disrespect, or with hauteur; indeed, such was the estimation in which he was held by that prince, that, in all probability, the latter never found any disposition towards exerting his authority. Something may be gathered from the following anecdote. The Nabob wanted some alterations to be made in the howdah of his state-elephant, and asked Mordaunt's opinion as to the best mode of securing it: the latter very laconically told the Nabob, he understood nothing of the matter, he having been born and bred a gentleman; but that probably his blacksmith, (pointing to Colonel Martine,) could inform him how the howdah ought to be fastened.

This sneer, no doubt, gratified Mordaunt; who, though extremely intimate with Martine, and in the habit of addressing him by various ludicrous, but sarcastic nicknames, seemed not to relish that fondness for money, and those various practices, of which he was said to be guilty.

Marquis Cornwallis was either unwilling to compel Mordaunt to return to the Madras establishment or was prevailed on by the Vizier to let him remain on his staff. The Marquis, one day, seeing Mordaunt at his levee, asked him, "if he did not long to join his regiment?" "No, my lord," answered Mordaunt, "not in the least." "But," resumed the Marquis, "your services may be wanted, perhaps." "Indeed, my lord," rejoined Mordaunt, "I cannot do you half the service there, that I can in keeping the Vizier amused, while you *ease* him of his money."

As a *bon vivant*, as master of the revels, or at the head of his own table, few could give greater variety, or more complete satisfaction, than Mordaunt. He had the best of wines, and spared no expence, though he would take very little personal trouble, in providing whatever was choice or rare. He

He stood on little ceremony, especially at his own house; and, at his friend's, never allowed any thing to incommode him, from a bashful reserve. Whatever was in his opinion wrong, he did not hesitate to condemn.

These observations were very quick, and generally not devoid of humour. His old friend, Captain Waugh, dining with him one day, made such a hole in a fine goose, as to excite the attention of Mordaunt; who, turning to his head servant, ordered aloud, that, "whenever Captain Waugh dined at his house, there should always be *two* geese on table; *one* for the captain, *the other* for the company."

The following anecdote will exhibit, that the above directions were not misapplied.

Captain Waugh commanded one of the six battalions, which, under the immortal Goddard, penetrated through the heart of the Mahratta country, though opposed by at least one hundred thousand men, chiefly cavalry. When the peace was concluded with that power, in 1782, Captain Waugh took his passage from Bombay to Bengal, in a vessel which was captured off Tranquebar, by Suffrein. That Admiral treated him with great politeness, and invited him to his table. The French, according to their custom, began with their soup, &c. while Waugh commenced his attack upon a goose, which happened to be near him. The bird was soon disposed of, and Waugh had just stuck his fork into a duck, when Suffrein, with great good nature, but under no small astonishment, observed, that he had forgot the English captain's name, but requested that he would take a glass of wine. "My name is Waugh, and I will drink with you with all my heart," answered the Captain. "*Bon, bon,*" said Suffrein, delighted at what he thought was a joke of his guest's; *mais, Monsieur Waugh, si vous resterois ici, nous n'aurions pas une* oie (a goose) *dans toute l'escadre.*"

The pun was rather a fortunate one for Waugh, who played such a tune with his knife and fork as made all the Frenchmen stare, and induced Suffrein to set him ashore, on parole, at the first port.

After the arrival of the two brothers, Harry and John, in Bengal, they had but little intercourse. Harry seemed to be jealous and envious of his brother's qualifications, and of the general partiality in his favour; which was by no means the case with himself. He was haughty, reserved, tenacious, and satirical; consequently was not very likely to be much respected, or relished as a companion. His appearance was not calculated to prepossess either sex in his behalf. John always treated him with particular consideration; but when having attempted to oppose, or to argue against him, used briefly to put him down with, "Hold your tongue, Harry, you are a puny little fool, and fit for nothing but to be a lord." Nevertheless, John never allowed any person to speak disrespectfully of him.

Harry died of diseases which seemed to have been rocked with him in his cradle; while John, though possessed of a vigorous constitution, seemed to descend, as it were, down a precipice, into his grave. He never, indeed, got completely better of the pistol-shot in his breast; and, probably, actuated by that mistaken pride generally urging men who have done wonders, not to allow their decrease of vigour to be noticed or suspected,

he

he neglected the warnings given him by one or two serious attacks on his liver, and thus hastened that end which we may call untimely!"

He died in the 40th year of his age, beloved and regretted by a numerous circle.

Such are the outlines of a man, who, had he been bred in courts, would probably have been the Rochester of his day; for he was inordinately fond of women, and seemed, when ill, to regret his situation chiefly as depriving him of their society.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF THAT WELL-BRED RACING MARE,

ELEANOR,

(Own Sister to Clarissa, Julia, Young Whiskey, Lydia, &c. &c.—Bred by Sir T. C. Bunbury, Bart. of Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.)

ELEANOR was got by Whiskey; her dam, *Young Giantess* (Sorcerer's dam) by Diomed; grandam, *Giantess,* (Volatile, Pharamond, Gawkey, and Grey Gawkey's dam) by Match'em; great grandam, *Molly Longlegs,* by Babram; great great grandam by Mr. Cole's Foxhunter; great great great grandam, (own sister to Mr. Panton's Cato) by Partner, out of an own sister to the noted *Roxana,* that bred Lath, Roundhead, and Old Cade.—*See Pick's Turf Register.*

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1801, *Eleanor* won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. (4 subscribers) across the Flat, beating Miss Fury and Gaoler—2 to 1 against Eleanor. At Epsom, May 21, she won the Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (3 subscribers) the last mile and a half, beating Mr. Wyndham's br. c. by Fidget, out of Cælia; Remnant, Gaoler, Matthew, Belleisle, and five others: 5 to 4 against Eleanor. And the next day, she won the Oaks' Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (18 subscribers) the last mile and a half, beating Daisy, Crazy Poetess, Remnant, Thaïs, &c.—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Eleanor. At Ascot-Heath, June 9, *Eleanor* (carrying 7lb. extra) was beat by Teddy the Grinder, beating Dissenter and Daisy. On Monday, in the Newmarket First October Meeting, she won a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. (7 subscribers) Across the Flat, beating Miss Fury:—15 to 8 on Eleanor. And on Thursday, she beat Flambeau, 8st. 2lb. each, Across the Flat, 200gs.—13 to 8 on Eleanor.

On Tuesday, at Newmarket First October Meeting, 1802, *Eleanor* won one-third of a subscription of 25gs. each, (15 subscribers) with 50l. added by the Jockey-Club, Ditch-in, beating Penelope and the Sister to Gouty:—6 to 4 on Penelope, and 7 to 4 against Eleanor. And on Thursday, she won the King's Plate for four-year olds, 10st. 4lb. five-year olds and aged, 12st. 2lb. R. C. beating the Sister to Gouty, 4 years old; Aniseed, 5 years old; Warter, aged; Hospitality, 4 years old; and Malta, 4 years old:—6 to 5 on Eleanor. In the Second October Meeting, she won the Subscription Plate of 50l. for three-year olds, 7st. 10lb. and four-year olds, 8st. 10lb. Across the Flat, beating Shock, 3 years old; Northampton, 3 years old; and Harefoot, 3 yrs old:—10 to 1 on Eleanor.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1803, *Eleanor* received 50gs. compromise from Fieldfare, 8st. 7lb. each, the last three miles of B. C. 200gs. h. ft. At Ipswich, July 7, she won 50l. beating Peace-Maker.

At

At Oxford, July 25, she won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 50gs. in specie, four miles, beating Julia, Pyrrhus, and Frolic:—5 to 2 on Eleanor. And on the 27th, (same Meeting) she won 50l. beating Garnerin and Gazer:—20 to 1 on Eleanor. At Huntingdon, August 2, she won 50l. beating Fieldfare, Bob Handy, &c. And the next day she won 50l. beating Pipylin. At Lincoln, September 14, she won the King's Plate, beating Primrose.

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1804, *Eleanor*, 8st. 10lb. won a Handicap Plate, of 50l. Clermont Course, beating Rebel, aged, 8st. 7lb.; Chippenham, aged, 8st. 8lb. and five others:—6 to 5 on Eleanor. In the Second Spring Meeting, at 9st. 2lb. she won a Handicap Plate of 50l. Across the Flat, beating Quiz, 6 years old, 8st. 9lb.; Duxbury, 5 years old, 8st. 7lb.; and Gaoler, 6 years old, 8st. 9lb.—6 to 5 against Eleanor. She also, at 8st. 10lb. received 40gs. compromise from Surprise, 8st. 7lb. Two-year Olds' Course, 50gs. At Ipswich, July 5, she won 50l. beating Fly, by Pot8o's. At Newmarket July Meeting, at 8st. 12lb. she won 50l. Ditch-in, beating Heathpolt, 3 years old, 6st. 9lb.; Captain Absolute, 5 years old, 8st. 8lb.; The Carpenter, 3 years old, 6st. 9lb.; and Miss Brocket, 3 years old, 6st. 9lb.—9 to 4 on Eleanor. At Chelmsford, July 25, she won 50l. beating Coaxer, by Pot8o's. At Huntingdon, August 8, she won 50l. beating Capella, by Buzzard. At Bedford. September 13, she received a premium of 20l. no horse entering against her. At Newmarket First October Meeting, *Eleanor*, 9st. 1lb. won the Gold Cup, value 80gs. and 90gs. in specie, Across the Flat, beating Virtuosa, 3 years old, 5st. 10lb.; Lignum-Vitæ, aged, 8st. 10lb.: Aniseed, Lenox, Castrel, Elizabeth, and seven others, also started, but were not placed:—4 to 1 against Eleanor, 5 to 1 against Lignum Vitæ, and the same against Castrel. In the Second October Meeting, she won one-third of a Subscription of 25gs. each, (16 subscribers) with 50l. added by the Jockey-Club, for five-year olds, 8st. 5lb. six-year olds and aged, 9st. B. C. beating Orville, 5 years old; and Lignum-Vitæ, aged:—7 to 4 on Eleanor.

At Egham, September 3, 1805, *Eleanor*, 8st. 12lb. won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 110gs. in specie, four miles, beating Miss Coiner, 4 years old, 7st. 8lb.; Prospero, 4 years old, 7st. 10lb.; Houghton-Lass, 4 years old, 7st. 8lb.; and Quiz, aged, 9st.—2 to 1 against Houghton-Lass, 2 to 1 against Quiz, and 6 to 1 against Eleanor. September 5, (same place) at 9st. 6lb. she won 50l. two-mile heats, beating Quiz, aged, 9st. 6lb.; Cerberus, 3 years old, 6st. 8lb.; and Little John, 5 years old, 8st. 13lb.—6 to 4 on Eleanor. And the same day, at 9st. 2lb. she beat Wormwood, 3 years old, 6st. 12lb. the New Mile, 100gs.:—7 to 4, and 2 to 1, on Eleanor. At Newmarket First October Meeting, at 9st. 7lb. she beat Czar Peter, 8st. Ditch-in, 100gs.:—5 to 4 on Eleanor. This was the last year of her running. She is now a brood mare in Sir C. Bunbury's Stud.

Whiskey, (sire of *Eleanor*, &c.) was bred by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He was got by Saltram; his dam, Calash, (Paragon, Louisa, Aston, and Kite's dam) by King Herod; grandam, Teresa,

Teresa, by Match'em, Regulus, out of an own sister to the Duke of Ancaster's Starling, by the Duke of Bolton's Starling.

At Newmarket, in 1792, *Whiskey* won a stakes of 1200gs; a Produce Stakes of 3000gs; the Subscription of 1400gs; a Subscription of 120gs; a Match of 100gs; and a 50l. Plate at Bedford. At Newmarket, in 1793, he won the Jockey Stakes of 750gs; a Match of 200gs; a 50l. plate; and a Stakes of 60gs. He was sold to Sir Charles Bunbury for a Stallion, and is sire of Clarissa, Pamela, Julia, Froth, Gig, Orlando, Whirligig, Tinsel, (afterwards Sir Ulic M'Killigut), Prospero, Lydia, Orangeade, Snug, Whiskerandos, Rumbo, Tramper, Pelisse, Handicap, Midas, Moustache, Rosabella, Charmer, Tamburro, Tim, Chaise-and-One, Grampound, Juniper, L'Huile de Venus, Matilda, and several other winners.—*Whiskey* now covers at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

GRAND PUGILISM.

THURSDAY, MAY 12.

FOR several days past, the sporting world has been in a state of great ferment and agitation, an extraordinary degree of expectation having been excited by the great match between Gregson and Gully, which was fixed for yesterday. Two other matches, one between Cribb and Horton, the other between Dutch Sam and Cropley, were announced for the same field, and at the same time, being triumvirate against triumvirate, of the crack men of the day; the whole presenting the most elegant bill of fare ever presented to the amateurs of pugilism.

On Saturday the 7th, it was whispered confidentially, to the chosen few in the gymnastic circles, that a common, on the confines of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, was to be the scene of action. It was scarcely to be expected, that a secret of such interest and importance would not transpire. The Marquis of Buckingham, apprised of the arrangement, gave public notice, on Monday, in some of the London papers, of his intention to frustrate the sport. A great number of persons had, however, previously left town on Saturday and Sunday, and secured beds and stables on the road, and in all the villages and hamlets between London and Woburn. About two miles and a half beyond the latter place, Ashley Common, the proposed scene of action, is situate. A crowd so great and unexpected, pouring down in that direction, excited no little alarm. Some of the ignorant took it into their heads that the French had landed, and that the Londoners were flying to their country friends. The appearance of the Dunstable volunteers, under arms, with drums beating, colours flying, double cartouche boxes, doubly provided, muskets loaded, and fixed bayonets, tended to encourage these fears, and excited no trifling degree of terror and confusion. The alarm of invasion, however, was transitory, and the people were soon informed of the real cause of all this terrible tumult and uproar. It appeared that Ashley Common was selected for this grand exhibition of the pugilistic art, and that the magistrates of Bedfordshire and Bucking-

Buckinghamshire, at the head of their constables, and *posse comitatus*, with a subsidiary force of volunteers from the neighbouring districts, were determined to resist this unlicensed incursion into their territories. The Dunstable volunteers were out under arms so far back as Monday, by which time the concourse of people was so great in that vicinity, that thirty shillings were asked for a bed; and in one house three beds were let upon those terms, producing 4l. 10s. All the lofts, barns, and outhouses were filled, and happy were they who had their carriages to sleep in. Some idea of the crowd may be formed, when it is considered that it was formed of persons from within a circle of 200 miles, consisting of several from Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool, and Yorkshire.

During the whole of Monday night, the town of Woburn was in continual motion; all was uproar and confusion, with people arriving on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, all seeking that accommodation which only a few comparatively could find; few knowing which way to go, and all dreading disappointment, from the reports of the day, or the decided interference of the magistracy. So strong was this latter impression, that from betting upon the battle, they began to bet that there would be no battle at all, and ten to one were bet over and over again that there would be no fight. In one room at Woburn fifteen gentlemen lay upon the floor and chairs, and were happy to pay for their hard fare, upon the same terms as if they lay upon the softest feather beds; and in many instances the horses, although the weather was severe, were obliged to stand without covering. This was the state of Woburn town on Monday night.

About five o'clock yesterday morning, the visitors began to move, and the inhabitants of Woburn to be on the look out after them; having taken, however, the precaution, as their guests arrived, to secure their boots, or some part of their property of equal value. Between six and seven, several carriages and four arrived direct from London, with the most dashing and fashionable amateurs. The famous pugilist, Richmond, commonly called the Black Diamond, was their finger-post—he was smartly dressed in a blue coat, white pantaloons and waistcoat, and white hat lined with green, and took his station, in consequence of a preconcerted plan, at the Magpie, to give his fashionable friends the clue to the wished-for spot. The people in general soon caught the hint, and followed these leaders to the intended scene.

The ring was formed upon Ashley Common, about two miles to the left of Woburn, on the Manchester road. It was a complete 40-feet ring, raised with sods about twelve inches from the ground. Hundreds of amateurs had viewed it before nine o'clock, and were greatly pleased with its appearance. A great many carriages had arrived at that time, and were penned off safely; and a cart, loaded with ropes and stakes, to complete the circumference of the ring, was within sight of the place. An express, however, at this moment arrived, to inform the people that the Magistrates were aware of what was intended; that some of them had ridden over the ring early in the morning (and indeed it bore the marks of horses' feet), and that

they

they would not suffer the matches to be fought there.

Some of the knowing ones, suspecting that this was a hoax, sent off an express to Hogstall, a public house about a mile off, where Gregson held his head-quarters.—Before the answer arrived, however, Mendoza, dressed in green, and mounted in a dashing style, came up with two or three gentlemen amateurs, and assured them that the battle would not be fought at that place. Upon this assurance, the whole crowd rushed down the hill, on their way to Gregson's lodgings, where they found this champion seated in the Earl of Barrymore's barouche, with the horses' heads turned to Woburn, and escorted by about one hundred and fifty noblemen and gentlemen on horseback, the rear brought up with an immense string of gigs, tandems, &c. Many persons, not apprised of the change of scene, were, in the mean time, advancing from Woburn to the Common.—The two tides soon met, and both came, with their accumulated force, into Woburn, the knowing ones who led the mass having been apprised, that in case of any unforeseen disappointment at the original spot, they were to rendezvous at several places in reversion, the first of which was Sir John Sebright's park, in Hertfordshire, about seventeen miles distant from the original spot.

The spirits of the fondest admirers of the art now began to flag, and before they reached Dunstable, many had repented of their expedition. Several, tired of the journey, returned home, concluding there would be no fight; but the multitude was so great, they did not appear to have suffered any diminution. For sixteen miles, the road was covered with one solid mass of passengers; and in Dunstable, and for half a mile on each side of that town, there was a string of carriages in a triple row, as close as ever was seen in Hyde Park. Several carriages were broken in the pressure, and many of the horses knocked up, the owners of which now offered a guinea a mile for conveyance to the real scene of the fight. Neither horses nor decent carriages, however, were to be procured for any money, and many gentlemen were glad to stow themselves in butchers' carts, at the rate of a shilling a mile.

About two o'clock, a considerable part of the crowd had arrived in Sir John Sebright's park, where a flat spot was selected within the paling, in front of the house, and about half a mile from it. The paling was broken in a few places for admission, but there was no wanton mischief committed, and these uninvited guests behaved in an orderly manner. Progress was immediately made in forming the ring. The exterior circle was nearly an acre, surrounded by a triple ring of horsemen, and a double ring of people on foot, no carriages having presumed to enter. About three o'clock the day overcast, a torrent of rain began to pour down, and every one became impatient for the fight. Shortly after, Gregson, Gully, Mendoza, Harry Lee, Joe Ward, the Chicken, and several other first-rate heroes, made their appearance. A slight ring was immediately formed, and the sports commenced.

GREGSON AND GULLY.

It is impossible to describe the delight of the spectators on beholding these two champions enter the

the ring. Although the ground was almost flooded with the rain, the people lay down with the greatest pleasure, and a forty-feet ring was soon formed in complete style. Captain Barclay was the umpire. Harry Lee was second to Gregson, and Joe Ward to Gully. The combatants fought in silk stockings, without shoes, and white breeches. After they had stripped, their great coats were thrown over them to keep off the rain, in expectation that it would soon prove fair.

But though the second in order of time, as the battle between Gregson and Gully was of the first consequence, with this we shall commence our narrative.

ROUNDS.

1. The utmost silence prevailed in every part of the ring, and each had his eye stedfastly fixed on the combatants, who sparred for above a minute without approaching within length. This silence was soon turned into peals of applause by the admirers of Gully. He perhaps gave one of the most signal specimens of the art of boxing ever witnessed, by putting in two dexterous hits at the same moment through Gregson's guard on the throat and mouth. Gregson fell as if he had lost his legs, and he was covered with blood.—6 to 4 on Gully.

2. Gregson made an ineffectual hit at his adversary's head; Gully shifted it, and pointed his finger at him—Gully commenced a rally, and some blows were exchanged to the advantage of Gully. In the rally, Gregson turned round, and hit his adversary a back-handed blow on the loins; both fell.

3. Gregson planted a right hit on Gully's breast, and a rally followed, most decidedly in favour of Gully, who kept hitting, and getting away from his man, but was ultimately thrown.—Gregson bled copiously, and his head began to swell—2 to 1 on Gully.

4. Gully made play, and planted two other blows on his adversary's head, and slipped up.

5. Gregson made a determined hit, which was scientifically stopped, and he ran upon his man, grasped him by the thighs, held him in his arms, and hit him down—Some disapprobation.

6. Some obstinate rallying, but so decidedly in favour of Gully, that Gregson was hit about at pleasure. Gully received a tremendous blow on the right side of his head at the close of this round, and both fell out of the ring.

7. Gully rallied his man in this round, and hit him about six blows on the head with great ease, and he also stopped those of Gregson, whose left eye was closed, his nose broken, and his face hideously disfigured; Gregson was at length hit off his legs.

8. A round somewhat in favour of Gregson, as far as regarded slight hitting. In closing, he threw Gully a heavy fall.

9. This round was pretty decisive of the result of the battle, for Gregson manifested a falling off in strength, and was grievously hit again in the face; he, however, shewed good, but fell on his knees on one of his adversary's blows.

10. The blood flowed in torrents from Gregson's face, and he acted very shy, his eyes being nearly closed, and every other part of his face as badly hit. A blow was exchanged, and Gully was thrown—a fall of his own choosing.

11. Gregson, on setting to, put his hand to his left eye, and looked at

at it. He commenced a rally, which ended again in his discomfiture; and on receiving a knock-down blow, he hit Gully a back-handed blow whilst falling.

12. Gregson was hit down, in return for a blow planted on his adversary's breast.

13. Gully fell down in making play.

14. Gully hit his adversary through his guard within distance, right and left, one of which blows alone would have dropped him.

15 and 16. Gregson made ineffectual rallies in each round, but in the latter it was evident he could not rise, and he was weak; he ran in upon Gully and bored him down.

17. There certainly was something like a Whitelocke in Gregson's conduct in this round, although it might have arisen from blindness or pain. He lost his temper, and run in upon his adversary, who kept hitting and getting away from him in a manner which excited astonishment. He turned his back to his man twice in the round, and made towards the ropes, but Gully changed his front, fibbed him, and kept him from falling, until he had ruffianed him into an apparent senseless state, and then dropped him quietly between his arms.

18. A similar round to the former, and Gregson was as badly punished when he retreated.

REMARKS.

The battle excited some disappointment, inasmuch as it was generally understood, although not by judges, that Gregson had been taught the science of fighting; but it turned out diametrically opposite. He was a resolute novice at the late battle with Gully at Newmarket, and by instinct he threw in several tremendous blows at length.

It will not be wondered at that the spectators were surprised when they saw the man, who in the late battle never could approach until he made play, in this instance make play too, hit him through his guard, and doing almost any thing with him. It was evident this all arose from the very attempt of teaching a novice, on the wrong side of thirty, to box. He was constantly abroad too, in rallying, which was not the case in the last battle.

Ten other rounds, if they might be called so, were fought, and in this way Gregson never planted one hit, but was constantly receiving tremendous blows on the head and loins; he was fighting under every disadvantage of weakness, blindness, achings, &c. and consequently unable to turn the career of his adversary. In the 25th round he received two as tremendous blows as any in the battle, and which decided it in the 28th round, when Gregson could not be brought to the mark of setting to in time; he also received a tremendous hit in the ear in the 27th round.

Gully fought him with studied caution; and when he had him at rallying, there was not one instance in which Gully failed. The Champion was also in much better condition than when he fought at Newmarket, and never betrayed symptoms of weakness.

After the battle Gully addressed the ring, and informed them publicly, he was so situated that he never intended to fight again, nor would he have done so in this instance, had he not been bound in honour to comply with Gregson's challenge. He had in this instance fought

fought with a lame left arm, and Gregson surely would not desire to combat with him again. The battle lasted one hour and a quarter.

CRIB AND HORTON.

The combatants entered the ring the same moment. Before setting to, bets were 5 to 4 on Crib. They were both in fine condition, and excellent spirits.

Horton's manner of fighting is different to any other boxer. He did not attempt to stop much, but generally made play. He did not seem a judge of his distance, and when he hit at his proper length he was generally stopped. He is a young man, full of health and vigour, but something shorter and lighter than Crib, and much inferior in skill. Crib is a known safe fighter, but he was particularly so in this instance, for he threw but few blows away, and continued to keep the blood constantly flowing from the head of his adversary, by superior skill, without going into a rally. The battle was safe from the first round, and the cognoscenti made a good harvest.

Horton is a bad hitter; he cannot stop at all; but he is a bottom man. He will never rank as a first-rate boxer. He was much disfigured, and the battle was won easily by Crib.

DUTCH SAM AND CROPLEY.

This was a scientific battle betwixt two very good men, but Sam was the favourite after the first round, in which he got a black eye. Cropley tried by every pugilistic stratagem to get at Sam's head in vain, for the latter was even a better fighter than Cropley, although a stone lighter; Cropley was a good deal punished about the head, and his eyes were closed. He fell weak after fighting 25 minutes, and after making a good stand, he resigned by the call of nature in ten minutes after. Sam is a man capable of beating any man of eleven stone, and he never fought better than in this instance.

The fighting was not over till near seven in the evening.

Gregson, it seems, though abandoned for the moment by most of his former friends on the day of defeat, afterwards met with more generous treatment. He arrived on Saturday the 14th at Highgate, and on the following Monday, he was visited by several noblemen and gentlemen amateurs, several of whom, the Marquis of T—— setting the example, made the fallen champion some handsome presents. He spoke highly of Gully's perfection in the art of boxing, and said, that during the whole battle he never recovered the tremendous right-handed hit, in the left jaw, during the first round, which produced an effusion of blood, loosened his teeth, disfigured his eye, and disordered his head in every part. —It is added, that soon after the battle, several gentlemen, among others, Captain B——, Gully's backer, called on Gregson, and left him something handsome, and that a subscription was also made in the ring.—If Gregson could have had his choice, he would have fought at some place in Lincolnshire.—In the course of a few days, it is reported, he will be matched against Crib. Other matches are to be made; viz. between Jem Belcher and Horton; Young Belcher and Cropley; and Dutch Sam and Nichols, who beat Crib about two years since at Blackwater.

COURT

COURT MARTIAL

ON RICHARD CORRALL, ESQ.

AT a General Court-Martial, held at Woodbridge, on the 6th of January, 1808, and continued by adjournment to the 28th of the same month, Richard Corrall, Esq. Paymaster of the 15th (or King's) Regiment of Light Dragoons, was arraigned on the undermentioned charges; viz.

"1st, For malversation in his office of Paymaster of the 15th (or King's) Regiment of Light Dragoons, in having, contrary to his duty, and in disregard of the third Article of the Additional Instructions and Regulations respecting the conduct of Regimental Paymasters and others, dated the 11th of May, 1801, drawn on the public account, upon the regimental agents, for the sum of three thousand five hundred pounds fourteen shillings and eight-pence, or some other large sum or sums of money, beyond what was actually required for the regular services of the said regiment, between the 24th December, 1806, and the 25th October, 1807.

"2d. For neglect of duty, in not having rendered his accounts at the periods prescribed by the established regulations and official orders, and particularly by the instructions to Regimental Paymasters, dated the 19th January, 1798; the circular letter from the Examiner of Army Accounts to Regimental Paymasters, dated 14th February, 1806, and 7th August, 1807; and the Secretary at War's circular letter to Regimental Paymasters, dated the 22d July, 1807.

"The accounts herein referred to, are the Monthly General Abstracts for the period, from the 25th December, 1806, to the 24th October following, both inclusive and the Quarterly Accounts for the periods from the 25th June, 1806, to the 24th September, 1807, both inclusive."

Upon which charges the Court came to the following decision:—

The Court, having considered the evidence for and against the prisoner, with the whole of his defence, and the accounts given in by him, are of opinion, that he has drawn, between the 24th December, 1806, and the 25th October, 1807, for the sum of three thousand five hundred pounds, fourteen shillings and eight-pence, stated in the charge, beyond the money actually expended by him for the public service.

The Court is further of opinion, that the prisoner has not accounted, by any expenditure stated in his abstracts, for the sum of money so over-drawn; and although it were proved (which it is not) that the prisoner had debited himself in his abstracts, from error, with the sum of one thousand pounds or thereabouts, expended for the service of the regiment, which ought to have been charged to the Colonel's private account, yet there would still remain the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds, fourteen shillings and eight-pence, overdrawn on the public, of which no satisfactory account, supported by proper vouchers, has been given to this Court.

The Court do therefore find the prisoner *guilty* of malversation, as far as the word applies to the improper expenditure of public money, but whether it has been applied by the prisoner to his private use, or advanced on the charges of others, without due examination, and without the care and caution which it is the duty of every per-

 son

son intrusted with the disbursement of public money, they are not enabled to determine.

The Court do also find the prisoner *guilty* of having drawn beyond his estimates, in breach of the third Article of Additional Instructions of the 11th of May, 1801.

With respect to the second charge, the Court are of opinion, that the inconveniences experienced on the march of the regiment, might have delayed for a short time the sending in of the monthly estimates and abstracts. It does not appear to the Court, that the want of sanction of the allowance of corn for the horses at grass, should have prevented their being transmitted, as a remark might have been added on that charge. The Court admit, that the time during which the prisoner was absent from the regiment, attending to the clothing and other concerns of the regiment, was a considerable impediment to his fulfilling his duties as Paymaster; but they are of opinion that the first duty of every man is to execute the business of the office in which he is placed; and although, if the prisoner had cleared himself from the first charge, the Court would have received with great indulgence the excuses advanced for the breach of the regulations in the second, yet, from what has appeared before them, they consider the inability to account for the exponditure of the money drawn, to have been a greater impediment to the regular transmission of the estimates and abstracts, especially for the latter part of the period, than any thing which the prisoner has stated.

The Court do therefore find the prisoner *guilty* of the second charge.

The Court, therefore, having found the prisoner *guilty* on both charges, do adjudge, that he, the prisoner, Richard Corrall, Esq. shall be dismissed his situation of Paymaster of the 15th (or King's) regiment of light dragoons; and the Court do farther adjudge, that the prisoner shall make good the whole of the money drawn beyond the expenditure, not only of the sum of three thousand five hundred pounds fourteen shillings and eight-pence, stated in the first charge, but also the money received for the sale of cast horses, viz. the sum of four hundred and sixty-two pounds eleven shillings and eight-pence; and further, whatever other money the prisoner may have received by stoppages from the men, or any other public money, the application of which has not been clearly accounted for: and they direct that an account of such stoppages be transmitted by the Commanding Officer of the 15th regiment of light dragoons, to Messrs. Greenwood, Cox, and Co.

The Court have received with great respect the testimony of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland to the zeal, attention, and long good conduct of the prisoner, and though by the fact in the first charge being proved, they are precluded from taking it into consideration in their sentence, they earnestly wish that that testimony may be attended to, and that it may benefit the prisoner in any other situation.

His Majesty having been pleased to confirm the opinion and sentence of the Court, and to direct that the same shall be carried into effect, his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief is pleased to direct that the charges, together with the sentence

sentence of the Court, shall be inserted in the orderly books of every corps.

HARRY CALVERT, Adj.-Gen.
Horse Guards, April 14, 1808.

HARMONIOUS CHANGE RINGING.

CONTESTED.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

ANNEXED I have sent a true and correct account of Contested Harmonious Change Ringing, in the northern part of England, which is particularly requested you will insert in your interesting and valuable Magazine, as early as possible; and you will greatly oblige, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JOHN PARNELL.
Manchester, April 21st, 1808.

[*We should notice, that an article embracing a part of this communication appeared in our Magazine for February last, Page 236.*]

On Tuesday, the 5th day of January, 1808, Joint Societies of Change Ringers, consisting of three Ashton-under-line College Youths, four Oldham Youths, and an honest Yorkshireman, ascended the venerable and gothic tower of St. Michael's Church, at Ashton-under-line, in the county palatine of Lancaster, and in the quick time of three hours and five minutes they completely brought round a sprightly and harmonious well-rung peal of BOB MAJOR, containing 5040 changes, to the general satisfaction of thousands of delighted hearers. The ringing artists were as follow; viz.

Treble Bell.—Mr. Joseph Newton.
2. Mr. Thomas Dewsnap.
3. Mr. Henry Hindle.
4. Mr. Aaron Walker.
5. Mr. William Rigby.
6. Mr. Jonathan Wild.
7. Mr. John Parnell.
Tenor.—Mr. John Whitehead.

And was conducted by Mr. Joseph Newton, the treble bell ringer.

A complete new peal of eight bells were opened at Flixton, seven miles from Manchester, in Lancashire, on Monday, the 25th day of January last, by the Manchester Society of Change Ringers, who completed a peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, in ten courses, containing 5040 changes, in the time of three hours and four minutes, and was conducted by Mr. Holden.—Then came forward the Oldham Youths, and rang a complete fine peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, also in ten courses, containing 5040 changes, which was completely brought round in the quick time of two hours and forty-seven minutes, and was conducted by Mr. Joseph Newton, who rung the fourth bell.

The College Youths from Ashton-under-line, ushered in Tuesday morning, with ringing a fine peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire trippies, in ten courses, containing 5040 changes, which was completely brought round in the quick time of two hours and forty-five minutes, and gave general satisfaction to all attentive hearers. The amateurs in the art of Change Ringing, who attended this Flixton opening, amounted to 152 persons.—Weight of the tenor, 14cwt. 2qrs. 24lb. bell metal.

N. B. The above peal was conducted by Mr. Jonathan Wild, who rung the treble bell.

On

On Tuesday, the 5th of April, the Union Society of Change Ringers, at Shrewsbury, ascended the modern tower of St. Chad's Church, in that town, and in the time of six hours and fifty minutes, completely brought round a fine-rung peal of grandsire caters, composed of 10,097 harmonious changes; being the greatest performance ever achieved in that part of the kingdom.—Weight of the tenor, 34cwt. bell metal.

On Easter Monday last, the Oldham Youths paid a visit to the village of Mottram, in Cheshire, and rung a fine peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, in ten courses, containing 5040 changes, which was brought round in the quick time of two hours and thirty-nine minutes, by the following youths; viz.

Treble.—Mr. James Taylor.
2. Mr. Robert Coope.
3. Mr. Henry Hindle.
4. Mr. Joseph Newton.
5. Mr. William Rigby.
6. Mr. Joshua Kershaw.
7. Mr. John Whitehead.
Tenor.—Mr. James Gartside.

The peal was conducted by Mr. Joseph Newton, who rung the fourth bell.—Weight of the tenor 13cwt. bell metal.

WILD CATS.

A CAUTION TO FARMERS.

THE following most singular instance of ferocity in the cat species, may be relied on as a fact:

Mr. G. Burton, steward to John Gurney, Esq. of Earlham, lately had an ewe die, that suckled a very fine lamb; he took the ewe away, and the lamb did not seem to regret the loss of its dam, but fed on the turnips, with the other large lambs; going his rounds early the next morning, he perceived this lamb lying dead, with its neck bloody, and its eyes out, which much surprised him, having left it quite well at dusk the preceding evening; supposing it too early to be done by crows, he took it home and flayed it, when it was found to have a small hole in its neck, about the size of a goose quill, and just below it a small place about the size of a six-pence, with the wool off, and apparently about half through the skin, and the wool, with part of the skin, scrabbled off the hind quarter, about the size of his three fingers, the wool lying in small lots by it when found. On looking amongst the others, he found there were two more living, and following their dams, with their necks bloody, and in the same state as before described in the dead one.

In the afternoon of Wednesday, the small one of the other two died; on flaying it, its neck was found to be in the same state, swelled and much gangrened, the blood much settled in its neck.—In the afternoon, Mr. John Scarnell, a near neighbour, to whom Mr. Burton had related the above circumstance, sent his two servants down to him with a large male cat, as judging him to be the murderer, by the following circumstance:—His servants having two kittens on the hay-loft, nearly half grown, and as they had always been in the habit of coming down into the stable the time of feeding the horses, and not having seen them in the course of the day, one of the men went up to see if he could find them, and feeling where they used to lie, this cat was found lying by them, and running down into an out-

out-house, they shut the door and secured him (he having been seen for three or four years on different premises in Earlham): on taking the kittens, they were found to be sucked just under the ear in the same way as the lambs were, and one of them having the hind part and half the body, with its inside eaten up; on opening the cat's body, a part of the skin of the kitten was found in its stomach, and a foot of it whole, and some small pieces of wool; Mr. Burton had observed before, (when the ground was covered by snow) the footing of a cat quite round the turnips, and among the ewes and lambs, but yet he never thought a cat would interrupt the lambs; and had not the above circumstance occurred, he believes it would never have been discovered, unless he had absolutely seen him attack the lambs. He therefore advises all persons seeing these wild cats strolling about, to destroy them, as the above circumstance is a proof of their pernicious qualities.

SPORTING SUBJECTS IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1808.

THE dead hare.—W. Mulready.

Morning, with a mill and cattle.—P. J. De Loutherbourg, R. A.

Trap-ball; portrait of a young gentleman.—H. Thomson, R. A.

Draught-player.—J. Burnett.

A shepherd with his flock.—Sir F. Bourgeois, R. A.

Boy and dog.—T. Clarke, A.

Sir David, by Trumpator, with Samuel Chifney; the property of his R. H. the Prince of Wales.—H. B. Chalon.

Card-players.—D. Wilkie.

Flying leap; fox dying.—J. N. Sartorius.

Orville, by Beningbrough, and Smallman, the groom; the property of his R. H. the Prince of Wales.—H. B. Chalon.

Barbarossa, by Sir Peter, the property of his R. H. the Prince of Wales.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of Pilot, formerly the property of Mr Lade.—D. Wolstenholm.

Portrait of a pointer.—J. Emery, H.

Fighting horses.—J. Ward, A.

Landscape: horse and figures.—R. B. Davis.

Portraits of a foreign nobleman and his horses.—B. Marshall.

Carlo; a portrait of a famous spaniel, the property of Mrs. Kennedy.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of an Irish mare.—J. Emery, H.

Cattle sheltering from a storm, with an effect of a rain-bow: Kit-cat.—G. A. Grainger.

Portrait of a stallion.—J. N. Sartorius.

The favourite rabbit.—S. Drummond.

Dick Andrews, the property of Viscount Sackville.—J. Whessell.

Violante, the property of Earl Grosvenor.—J. Whessell.

Boar-hunting.—E. A. Spilsbury.

Portrait of a long-horned bull, the property of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Anson.—T. Weaver.

The Sportsman's song.—G. Turner.

Portraits of Mr. Johnson's children, with a favourite poney.—J. Allen.

Children with wood-pigeons.—Miss Spilsbury.

Portrait

Portrait of a pug dog.—J. N. Sartorius.

Portrait of a favourite mare, belonging to the Right Hon. Viscountess Anson.—T. Weaver.

Tigers.—J. Ward, A.

View in the gardens of the Prince Borghese, near Rome, exhibiting a race between two English hunters, which took place in the Circus, in 1795.—J. Frearson.

Portrait of a dog, the property of Lord Viscount Sedley.—T. Highton.

The red grouse, or moorcock.—J. Sillett.

Rabbits.—J. Ward, A.

The young flageolet-player.—T. Stewardson.

Portrait of a sportsman, with setters.—W. Brown.

Girl with a nest.—W. Walker.

View of the interior of the six-stall stable at the Finsbury Repository.—D. Wolstenholm.

Dead game, from Nature.—Miss Dubuisson, H.

MODEL ACADEMY.

A study of a greyhound, from nature.—J. Coffee.

In the reference list of the catalogue, we notice the omission of the name and numbers of Mr. Emery's pictures. Of Mr. Emery it may be said, "he can soar with the eagle, or sit with the wren."—To notice his broad vacant humour on the stage, and his plain unaffected manners in private life, it might be supposed that he possessed no ideas beyond those which he gives life to on the boards of a Theatre: yet this said Mr. John Emery, comedian, of Covent Garden Theatre, to a strong mind adds a very correct taste in painting, music, &c.; his horses in this Exhibition are very well executed, for though they approach not to the excellence of his friend Marshall, they are nevertheless very respectable.

The other exhibitors in the sporting line, particularly Mr. Sartorius and Mr. Chalon, have each of them established characters, and require no eulogium from us.—Marshall's single picture is a most incomparable performance; he, likewise, wants not the aid of praise—look at No. 248, that is sufficient.

COLONEL THORNTON, AND HIS ATTORNIES.

THE following report of a cause in Chancery has been mislaid, or should have appeared sooner:—

IN CHANCERY.

Col. Thornton v. *Harvey and Robinson, Attornies.*

The defendants were called upon by the complainant to account for various sums of money, amounting to 14,000l. placed in their hands by him, for the purpose of paying his then existing debts, but which it was alledged the defendants had neglected to do; one of whom (Mr. Harvey) in an answer to the complaint, stated in excuse, his having, subsequent to the transaction, slept one night at Thornville Royal, and left certain papers containing the account of monies in his bed-chamber; and that he had applied several times to the Colonel for those papers, but had never been able to obtain them. The Colonel then addressed the Court in person, and pledged himself that the excuse was an absolute fiction, never having heard any such circumstance until that moment, and earnestly requested the business might be immediately gone into.

The

The Chancellor assented, and said, he thought the Colonel acted very fairly and honourably, and ordered the affair to go immediately before the Master—And the Colonel is now using every means to facilitate a final settlement of this business.

COLONEL THORNTON MISREPRESENTED.

IN the newspapers there has lately appeared the following article:—

"Suicide and duelling have been this winter in vogue; we understand a meeting took place between the sporting Colonel T— and Mr. P—, which was honourably settled by Major T—, who attended Colonel T—, and Lieutenant B—, who attended Mr. P—. Chalk Farm was the place fixed on, but as there was reason to believe that the parties would be watched, it was fixed by Colonel T—, at an early hour, in Kensington Gardens; the subject of dispute was cards."

But here we have an opportunity of doing justice to the Colonel, who is considered as a man that plays deep, and, as stories go, is said to have won Thornville Royal of the D— of Y—, a large sum of the Earl of C—e, and a still larger of L— G—n; whereas the fact is, he never played with the above personages, or any other; and further, a tablet of *verde-antique* marble, was put up on his arrival to his estate, with this inscription, "*Utinam hanc domus hanc veris amicis implean,*" perfectly conspicuous; further adding, that no play, of any kind, was permitted in his house, which was consigned to hilarity, hospitality, and conviviality; and we have reason to believe, that the Colonel's determination to the observance of this rule, was the ground of the dispute alluded to above.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS TO COVER IN 1808.

Continued from page 24.

AGRIMONY, at Battlesden, near Woburn, Bedfordshire, at 3gs. and 2s. 6d.—By Asparagus, out of an own sister to Trumpator, by Conductor.

ALLWORTHY (late Whitley) at Newark, at 1g. and half, and 2s. 6d.—By Orpheus, out of Beningbrough's dam.

ARTICHOKE, at Rutham, Cheshire, at 1g. and 2s. 6d.—By Don Quixote; dam by Dungannon, out of Lady Teazle, by Highflyer.

CENTRIPETAL (late Young Justice) at Sleaford, Lincolnshire, at 2gs. and 5s.—By Justice, out of Dido, by Eclipse.

CLEVELAND, at Burton, two miles from Lincoln, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Overton; dam, Charmer, (Saxoni and Cardinal York's dam) by Phenomenon.

CRYER, at Normanton, near Stamford, at 2gs.—By Alexander; dam by Sweetbriar, King Herod, out of Monimia's dam, by Alcides.

DOTTEREL, at Becket, near Faringdon, Berks, 3gs. and half, and 5s.—By Buzzard; dam, Drowsy, by Drone, out of the late Mr. Goodricke's Old England Mare.

GOLDFINDER, at Gunby-Park, Lincolnshire, 1g. and half, and

and 2s. 6d.—By Stamford; dam, Young Juno, by Old Goldfinder, out of Lord Lincoln's Juno.

HYPERION, at Wyke-Farm, near Brentford, at 7gs. and 10s. 6d. —By Highflyer; dam, Co-heiress, by Pot8o's; grandam, Manilla, by Goldfinder, out of the late Mr. Goodricke's Old England Mare.

MARSK, at Newark, at 2gs. and 5s.—By Young Marsk; dam, Cora, (Timothy's dam) by Match-'em, Turk, Cub, out of A-la-greque's dam.

MONARCH, at Tring Grove, Herts, at one guinea and a half.—Bred by his Majesty, and rode by him as a charger for three years.—He is a dark chesnut, upwards of 16 hands and a half high, and got by Arrogant; dam by Bijon, out of a true Arabian mare.

PILGRIM, at Newark, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Restless; dam, Rosaletta, by Nabob, out of Rosetta, by Squirrel.

QUICKSILVER, at Bolingbroke, Lincolnshire, at one guinea and half.—By Quicksilver (son of Mercury); dam by Young Candidate; grandam by Mr. Turner's Spot, out of a daughter of Mr. Hunt's Jigg.

QUILTER, at the Manor Farm, Friern Barnet, near Whetstone, at 3gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Standard; dam by Young Sir Peter; grandam by Engineer, Mr. Wilson's Arabian.—*Young Sir Peter* was got by Doge, out of a sister to Mambrino by Engineer.

SAXE COBOURGH, at Netley, near Shrewsbury, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Boudrow; dam by Le Sang; grandam by Careless, out of Miss Barforth, by Snap.

TROWSERS, at Edmonthorpe-Hall, Leicestershire, 1g. and half, and 5s.—By Traveller; dam, Maria, by Carabineer, Priam, Cadee, out of a daughter of Lord Gower's Stallion.

YOUNG CICERO, at the Red-Lion Yard, Gray's Inn-Lane, London, at 2gs.—He was got by Old Revenge; dam by Old Cicero, out of Sappho, by Turf.

YOUNG SIR PETER, at Bovingdon-Green, Herts, at 3gs.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Woodpecker, Sweetbriar, out of Buzzard's dam, by Dux.

YOUNG TRUMPATOR, at Holme, next the sea, Norfolk; thorough-bred mares, which have won the value of 50l. gratis.—By Old Trumpator; dam by Conductor, King Herod, Match'em, Snap, Lord Cullen's Arabian.

MAY IN LONDON.

THE passing month is that which is most distinguished in the metropolis for the variety and gaiety of its amusements. Whoever has passed his days in distant retirement, and wishes to know what London can produce, must visit it in the month of May. Whoever would know the full tide of the happiness of town life, of all that fashion prescribes, and all that crowds follow, must come to London in May. London is the world, and May the sun that cheers, enlightens, and invigorates, all that can make life tolerable.—Sorrow is now banished by universal consent.—Time flies in a perpetual circle of delight, and the diversions of night and day are no longer acknowledged.

In May, the votaries of pleasure agree to assemble in general congress. Every town and every village send up their deputies and represen-

presentatives, to assist in the councils of fashion, and to bring down the last intrigue, and the newest cap. On their return, they animate rustic conversation by a detail of wonders, of plays and operas, concerts and exhibitions, routs and panoramas. They demand attention, and ensure submission, by the superiority of having seen and heard all that with which London gratifies the eye and ear. They shew, by the rapid circulation of a thousand private surmises, and a thousand confidential hints, how little can be learned from the printed reports of the papers, and how frequently a fashionable event is in danger of being mutilated by ignorance or suppressed from fear.

Then the parks on a May-Sunday! What a delightful *pele-mele!* To elbow all whom one wishes to know—to be admitted gratis to see *live* lords and ladies—and on *one's* return to be able to say that *one* actually saw all this with *one's* own eyes! What a triumph over rural ignorance! How little qualified are they to live in the world, and how shockingly unprepared to leave it must they be, who have not visited *London* in May—the *whole world* in May—*every body* in May!

FASHIONABLE GAMING TABLE.

"I Cannot conceive," said Lady Alspice to her partner, "what is the meaning of your holding such very bad cards."

The gentleman confessed, with every mark of contrition, "that his cards had been very bad."

"Bad," rejoined she, "they were detestable, Sir!—I never saw any body hold such; I own I do not understand it."

"Why, Madam," said he, "that my cards were bad was my misfortune, as well as your ladyship's."

"That is nothing to the purpose," rejoined she.

"I really do not know what apology would satisfy you," resumed the gentleman, "but I may safely assure your ladyship, upon my honour," laying his hand on his breast, "that I have all the inclination in the world to hold good cards."

"Sir," replied she, with a look of dignity, "I would not willingly call any gentleman's honour in question, but I cannot help remarking, that you had good hands when you were her Grace's partner; it was not till you became mine, that you had bad cards. This you will permit me to say, seems a little unaccountable."

"However unaccountable it may seem, I think I can explain it," said the Duchess, interfering. "The gentleman's having held honours when he was my partner, and not when he was your's, may have proceeded from my being at present in a run of good luck."

"That will account for it, unquestionably, but I wish your Grace had been so good as to have informed me of it a little sooner."

"Why truly, I only began to suspect it myself after I had won the second rubber, and I was not absolutely certain until after I had won the third."

FEAST OF WIT.

THAT eccentric preacher, Orator Henley, once, by advertisement, invited the licensed victuallers to a lecture on "social morality," after which he promised to inform them "how they should sell more porter than they usually did."—It is little to be doubted but that the oratory was on this important occasion crowded with publicans. The orator was particularly animated and entertaining; he explained to them the nature of their situation and duties, descanted on the various characters of their guests, and many other collateral circumstances: at last he said, "My brethren, to perform my promise, and, by explaining to you how you shall sell more beer, endeavour to inculcate a moral duty, I must apprise you that my instructions can never be forgotten, be-caused they are comprised in three words, "*Fill your Pots!*"

A SAILOR's Account of his Journey in a Stage-Coach:—Hove out of Portsmouth on board the Britannia Fly—a swift sailer—an outside birth—rather drowsy the first watch or two—like to have slipped off the stern—cast anchor at the George—took a fresh quid and a supply of grog—comforted the upper works—spoke several homeward-bound frigates on the road, and after a tolerably smooth voyage entered the port of London at ten minutes past five, post meridian—steered to Nan's lodgings, and unshipped my cargo—Nan admired the shiners—so did landlady—gave them a handful a-piece—emptied a bowl of the right sort with landlady and Nan to the health of my Admiral.—All three set sail for the play—got a birth in a cabin on the larboard side—wanted to smoke a pipe, but the boatswain would not let me—Nan, I believe, called the play Poll-zaro, with Harlekin Hamlet—but d—n me if I knew stem from stern—remember to rig out Nan like the fine folks in the cabin right a-head—saw Jack Junk aloft in the corner of the upper deck—hailed him—the signal returned—some of the lubbers in the cockpit began to laugh—tipped 'em a little forecastle lingo till they sheered off—emptied the grog-bottle—fell fast asleep—dreamt of the battle of Trafalgar—Nan told me the play was over—glad of it—crowded sail for a hackney-coach—got on board—squally weather—rather inclined to be sea-sick—arrived at Nan's lodgings—gave the pilot a two-pound note, and told him not to mind the change—supped with Nan, and swung in the same hammock—overlooked my rhino in the morning—great deal of it to be sure—but I hope, with the help of a few friends, to spend every shilling of it in a little time, to the honour and glory of Old England.

The *Johnsonian style* is not yet worn out in our familiar addresses. The projector of a Sunday paper informs his readers, that he will admit no quack advertisements.—"Their vile indecency shall not *gloat* through the mask of philanthropy; sickness shall not be flattered

tered into *incurability;* nor debauchery indulged to the last gasp by the promises of instant restoration!"

As Mr. Fox was going down upon a visit to Lord Albemarle, at Elvedon, some time in the year 1805, his chaise broke down at Barton Mills; he was extricated from his perilous situation by a young gentleman, who resided near the spot. Enquiring, afterwards, to whom he had been so much indebted, he learnt that the gentleman's name was Buck. "Buck," said the distinguished orator, "then I am the more obliged to him; many a *Buck* has led me *into* a scrape, but few have extricated me *from one.*

NOTWITHSTANDING Napoleon's avowed fidelity to his *Empress,* he has been long hankering after the possession of a *Foreign Queen.* But with a noble spirit she has resisted, and will never submit to his wishes. From her situation and dignity, she is called *the Queen of the Ocean.*

A DRAGOON in Dublin was shot for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him, "What could induce him to take away his horse?" To which he replied, "He ran away with me."—"What," said the officer, "did you do with the money you sold him for?"—"*That,*" said the fellow, "please your honour, ran away to."

WHEN the fight was on Epsom Down, between Belcher and Dogherty, there was, as is usual, a plentiful supply of erections for the spectators to witness it: amongst the number, Mr. Pierce, the carrier, of Epsom, brought his waggon, and finding a more numerous company than he expected, went back to Epsom to fetch another waggon, but while he was so doing, one of the London *Gemmen,* who came to make a harvest, shewed the spectators up into the one he had left, at two shillings per head. Mr. Pierce, after a short time, arrived with the other waggon, and began to bully and abuse the people for getting into his waggon, and desired them to get out, or give him half-a-crown; they would, of course, do neither, and told him they had paid two shillings already; he asked them who they had paid it to, when they pointed to the cockney, and Pierce says, "Come Sir, you hand over," the cockney answered, "he had spent it all." Pierce, of course, was obliged to put up with the joke, and content himself with the benefit of the other waggon only, after a hearty laugh from the people who heard the dialogue.—The money the cockney took amounted to between thirty and forty shillings.

THE word *bother* was first used by a serjeant, who being exposed to the volubility of two Irishmen, *one at each ear,* cried, "don't *both ear* me!"—Hence the verb *to bother.*

QUEER PUN.—Two cocknies reasoning upon the cause of the late prevalence of *wet weather,* one of them said he had no doubt that it was owing to the number of *Kings* lately created by BONAPARTE? How can that be, enquired the other? why because there are now more people *raining* (reigning) than ever.

ON

ON A LATE SENATORIAL SERMON PREACHED BY A NEW-MADE BISHOP.

'TWAS *well enough* that *Goodenough*
Before the House should preach;
For *sure enough* full *bad enough*
Were those he had to teach!

THE Ruling Passion strong in Death.—When Hal Spedding, the celebrated gambler, was on his death-bed, he addressed his physician in these words—"Doctor, I know your skill, and I believe you are an honest man; I am about to put a question to you, the answer to which will not alarm me, be it what it may—How many days do you think I may live?" "*Three*," said the doctor.—"I'll bet you twenty guineas," cried the patient, "that I will *four*."—Spedding died the next morning.

EPITAPH ON JOHN BULLY, IN WELSTED CHURCH-YARD.

OLD purse-proud Bully lieth underneath,
Who *bully'd* poor folk far and nigh him;
Nay, more, he thought to bully Death,
But Death would not be *bully'd* by him.

THE Dublin Corporations are all resolving against the union. The *Tailors* declare it does not *suit*, and requires to be *trimmed*. The *Butchers* are *carving* away at it, and declare it ought to be entirely *cut up*. The *Smiths* have much *striking* opposition upon the *anvil*, and are of opinion that the "*iron* ought to be struck while *hot*." The *Shoemakers* say it must be *awl* over with them if it obtains a further *footing*. The *Musicians* declare that all *harmony* is lost, and are fretting themselve to *fiddle-strings*; and the *Barbers* vow, that the *shavers* who support it must be well *lathered*.

LINEAL DESCENT.—A late publication gives the following anecdote on heraldic honours:—A man applied at the College for a coat of arms, who was asked if any of his ancestors had been renowned for any singular achievement? The man paused and considered, but could recollect nothing.—"Your father," said the herald, aiding his memory; —"your grandfather,—great grandfather?"—"No," returns the applicant, "I never knew that I *had* a great grandfather or a grandfather!"—"Of yourself?" asks this creator of dignity—"I know nothing remarkable of *myself*," returned the man, "only that once being locked up in Lud gate prison for debt, I found means to escape from an upper window; and that you know is no honour in a man's 'scutcheon."—"And how did you get down?" said the herald: "Odd enough," retorts the man—"I procured a cord, fixed it round the neck of the statue of King Lud, on the outside of the building, and thus let myself down."—"I *have* it," said the herald—"No honour? *Lineally descended from King Lud!* and *his* coat of arms will do for *you*!"

THE DILEMMA.

WHEN I'm afflicted with the *gout*,
My wife she scolds me night and day,
Right well she knows what she's about,
She knows I cannot *run away*!

DURING a recent debate in the House of Commons, about *four* in the morning, a member was called *to order* for *snoring*, while a very eminent orator was addressing the House.—When a division took place, the Speaker, as usual, put the question—"Those who are for the amendment say *aye*, and those who are of a contrary opinion say *no*."—A gentleman who was near the

snoring

snoring member, exclaimed from the gallery the *nose* had it.

Two *white* rooks have lately been discovered in a rookery, in Cambridgeshire. The owner may make a fortune by showing them at *Newmarket!*

THE Retort Courteous.—The late Mr. Charles Fox, who possessed no small portion of eccentricity of character, once hastily told an impertinent fellow he would "*kick* him to *hell!*" "If you do, (said the intended *kickée*) I'll tell your *father* how you are spending his money!"

IMPROMPTU.

DICK, known for a libertine, drunkard, and rake,
Was heard by his friends with great wonder;
(Who knew with religion he'd liberties take,
And call each good parson a dunder)

To assert with an *oath* and a *serious* face,
That a penitent grown and converted,
He long'd to his soul, for a *calling to grace*,
And that all his old sins he'd deserted.

"How Dick!" cried a friend, quite astonish'd to hear
Love of grace from the mouth of a sinner,
But Dick stopp'd him short, with "My boy, never fear,
'Tis the calling to grace before dinner!"

STELLA Magiora, or Living Phenomenon.—We entertain our readers with the description of a most strange production of nature, consisting of an animal apparently a handsome black heifer, with a surprising branch growing from the shoulders, one part whereof measures sixteen inches in circumference, rising above three feet from the body, at the end of which is a singular horny substance, resembling a lobster's claw, another distinct limb growing also from the same projection, in the shape of a deer's leg, at the end of which, in lieu of a deer's foot, is a full-sized goat's-horn: this surprising and truly astonishing curiosity, was bred on the Alps, in Italy, near Genoa, and lately landed at Portsmouth from Holland, and has been exhibited before the Hon. Company of the Agricultural Society, patronised by his Grace the Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, &c. in London, who, with high satisfsaction, pronounced it to be the greatest natural curiosity of the present æra.

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.—Ten Guineas Reward.—Dropped Child.—Parish of St. James, Westminster.—Dropped on Saturday night last, about twelve o'clock, at the Marquis of Buckingham's door, Pall-Mall, a female child, in a new flag basket, supposed to be about three weeks old; had on when found, a cambric muslin frock, a white dimity petticoat, a spotted lace muslin cap, a white calico bed-gown, and a blanket; and a small gold seal, with a garter of blue ribbon was tied round its waist. Also in the basket, three damask napkins and a blanket: was directed on the basket, to the Marchioness of Buckingham. Also a copy of verses, the first and last stanza as follow:—

In me, sweet lady, here you see
An helpless orphan child,
The offspring of a guilty love
Indulg'd in transport wild.
Transport me to some lonely cot,
Where I may live unknown,
Far from the purlieus of the town,
To vice and folly prone.

THE Corporation of *Cooks* in Dublin, have agreed to petition for a repeal of the Union. The petition is well seasoned with *attic salt*, and is *dished* up in a very neat style.

COURT

COURT MARTIAL
ON
ASSISTANT-SURGEON THOMAS TALBOT,
As reported in General Orders.

Horse-Guards, May 21, 1808.

AT a General Court Martial, held at Kingston Barracks, Jamaica, on the 1st of September, 1807, and continued by adjournments to the 7th of December following, Assistant-Surgeon Thomas Talbot, of the 1st Battalion of the 60th Regiment, was arraigned on the following charges; viz.

" 1st. For writing a highly disrespectful and insubordinate memorial to the Commander in Chief at Jamaica, in which he accuses his Excellency of having prejudged and treated him with injustice.

" 2d. For writing a mutinous and seditious letter to the Deputy Adjutant-General.

" 3d. For writing another memorial to the Commander in Chief, falsely accusing Brigadier-General Carmichael of oppression and injustice in the execution of his duty.

The 4th, 5th, and 6th charges, are of a similar nature.

" 7th. For seditiously attempting to excite a spirit of discontent and disaffection to his Majesty's service, by endeavouring to impress an opinion, that the troops had been tyrannically used, oppressed, and treated with injustice.

" 8th, For conduct extremely prejudicial to his Majesty's service, by preferring charges against his superior Officers.

" 9th. For mutiny on the evening of the 16th April, 1807, at the barrack, Montego Bay, first, by threatening to kick his Commanding Officer, Captain Graw, out of the mess-room, when in the execution of his duty, making use of scurrilous language to him, and drawing, or offering to draw, his dirk or dagger, and attempting to assault him (Captain Graw) in presence of the Officers and men; secondly, by not retiring, when ordered so to do by Captain Graw, his Commanding Officer, after having been put in arrest, and continuing to offer personal insult to him in the presence of Officers and men, whom he excited by his example, and instigated, to join in a party or combination against Captain Graw."

He was found guilty of seven of these charges.

" The Court sentences the prisoner, Assistant-Surgeon Talbot to be cashiered.

" And the Court further adjudges him unworthy to serve his Majesty in any military capacity. This sentence to be publicly read to him, and his sword broken over his head.

" The Court, considering this sentence inadequate, regrets the Mutiny Act does not authorise transportation to be awarded on crimes of such magnitude, a punishment which appears to it peculiarly applicable to an offender of this dangerous description, when the circumstances of the case may not incur the forfeiture of life."

His Majesty has been pleased to approve of the finding and sentence of the Court, and to command the same should be carried into effect, in the presence of the whole garrison where the prisoner is stationed.

His Majesty has been further pleased to command, that the conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Rainey may be immediately investigated by a General Court Martial, in order that Lieutenant-Colonel Rainey may have an opportunity of accounting for the peculation and other

J. Ward pinx.t

H.R. Cook sculp.t

The Shepherds Dog.

Published April 1st 1808, by J. Wheble Warwick Square.

other abuses which appear to have existed in the battalion under his command, in which it also appears the Lieutenant-Colonel was materially concerned, and which it must be considered to have been his duty as Commanding Officer to have prevented and detected, and to have brought the authors to punishment.

HARRY CALVERT, Adj. Gen.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

An Engraving, by H. R. Cook, from a Painting by Mr. Ward.

ALTHOUGH we cannot compliment ourselves on the choice of this subject, as connected with sporting, we nevertheless most chearfully admit of the merit of the painter and engraver in the design and execution of it. We shall not take up much time or space in a description of this *elevated* class of the canine race, but only observe, that the Shepherd's Dog has many claims to the respect of his master, being generally found a prompt, vigilant, and faithful servant.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE nonpareil (and, I believe, the *Ne plus ultra)* of all trotting performances in harness, was this morning accomplished by a horse belonging to Mr. Michael Weston, stable-keeper, near Moorfields. I attended to keep the time. He started to perform fourteen miles within the hour, which he performed in fifty-nine minutes and forty-three seconds, leaving seventeen seconds to spare; he scoured very much, and exhibited evident marks of distress for the last four miles. Bettings were considerably against him, and, but for the masterly driving of Mr. Charles Hull, of Little Moorfields, must have been beaten. It has often been tried by the best horses for the last twenty years, but never completed.—Your's,

H. OLDFIELD.

Fenny Stanton, Saturday Morning, May 21.

Seven miles out and seven miles in, between Cambridge and Huntingdon.

IN addition to the above we learn, that the bet was 250l. to 50l. against the horse. The match had occupied the attention of the sporting world in a manner but seldom heard of; and, although decided so far from London as between Cambridge and Huntingdon, there were thousands of spectators to witness it. The horse kept a steady winning pace the whole way, without once breaking into a gallop.

MR. SAMUEL BURDER.

IN St. Mary's Church-yard, Suffolk, is a tomb-stone, on which is engraved the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY OF SAMUEL BURDER,

Who unfortunately lost his life in riding a match for Mr. Fortescue, at Newmarket, 17 April, 1770, aged 29 years.

The above-mentioned Mr. Samuel Burder was Jockey to the late Lord Clermont. In riding a match over the Beacon Course, he was driven against a post, and died a few hours after.—Since the above accident, (occasioned by crossing and jostling) the practice is forbidden by the Jockey Club. G. T.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

GOODWOOD Races commenced on Tuesday the 10th instant, when the Hunters' Plate of 50l. was won by Mr. Gage's Pic Nic, by Ramsden, out of Skyscraper.—Wednesday, the Silver Cup, value 50gs. was won by Mr. Trevanion's Bucephalus, by Alexander, beating Sir Launcelot, &c.—This was a great betting race.—The Hunters' Plate of 50l. was won by Mr. Gage's Pic Nic:—And the Ladies' Plate of 60gs. by Lord Egremont's Election, by Gohanna; beating Mr. Buttler's Epsom, and Captain Haffenden's Tom Pipes, (who ran the Three-mile Course by mistake, and was distanced the first heat.)—The betting was high on Election, who won easy.—A more particular account will be given in our next Number.

AT a meeting of the inhabitants of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, held in the last week of April, it was agreed, that the Horse Races usually held there, should in future be discontinued.—These races first commenced in April, 1757, when there were three 50l. plates run for; the first of which was won by Mr. Smith's Careless, by Traveller; the second by Mr. Stanhope's Shorthose, by Regulus; and the third by Mr. Hunt's Poor Farmer, by Sloe.

THE Races at Catterick Bridge were not so numerously attended this year as usual, on account of the severity of the weather. A great quantity of snow fell during the second day, which was allowed to be one of the most stormy we have had this last season.

SKIPTON Meeting was also thinly attended.—In running for the Hunters' Stakes, the first day, Lord Ribblesdale's Horse, Neighbour, broke his bridle, and his rider, Mr. Simpson, pulled him up luckily at the distance post. In the second heat, Neighbour made severe play, and won easy.—In the second day's race for the Plate, Clotilda fell over a post, when supposed to be winning.

DURHAM Races were attehded by the most numerous and fashionable company ever known at that place.—The Lambton-hunt Stakes, and several Hunters' Stakes and Matches, ridden by gentlemen, afforded great amusement. Mr. Tatton Sykes, as usual, was allowed to be the best rider.—He rode the winner of the Hunters' Stakes at Skipton, on Thursday, and came a distance of near ninety miles, to ride at Durham next day.

ON Thursday the 5th instant, the gentlemen of the H. H. C. held their anniversary on Soberton Down, Hants; there was much sport, and the fineness of the day, together with the beautiful scenery of the country, attracted a numerous and respectable company.—A cup, given by Mr. Powlett, value 50gs. was won by Mr. Aylward's bay mare; a cup of the same value, given by the officers of the Portsdown, or South-East Hants Yeomanry Cavalry, (run for by the corps) was won by Mr. Stewart's brown mare Cottager; and the members' subscription cup, of the like

like value, was won by Mr. Minchin's brown horse. A subscription has commenced to purchase two 50l. plates for the next year.

THERE are now ten subscribers to the sweepstakes of 10gs. each, the first morning of Worcester races, and ten horses named; to the sweepstakes of 5gs. each (in addition to the hunters' purse) there are eight subscribers.

DOTTEREL have been very scarce on the Wolds this year, and wild geese equally so through the winter. The great improvements that have been made in the agriculture of these parts may account for this; and the drainage of the Carrs has nearly annihilated snipe-shooting.

IT is supposed that there has been a greater mortality amongst the foals this year than ever was known. Many gentlemen have lost half their stock. Lords Grosvenor and Egremont have been the principal sufferers.

IT has been decided, and which is useful to be known, that a huntsman is liable to be informed against and pay the penalty, who goes out with hare-hounds, if his master be not present. This does not involve the case of fox-hounds.

SIR Charles Bunbury has sold Rambler to the Duke of Rutland for 400gs.

COCKING.—A Long Main of Cocks was fought at the Cock-pit Royal, Essex-street, Dublin, on Monday, March 14, and the five following days, between the gentlemen of the county of Armagh, (Gallagher, feeder and setter); and the gentlemen of the King's County, (Archy, feeder and setter) for 20gs. a battle, and 1000gs. the main, which was won by the former, viz.

	Gallagher. M.	B.	*Archy.* M.	B.
Monday, ...	3	2	2	0
Tuesday, ...	4	1	1	1
Wednesday, ...	4	0	1	2
Thursday, ...	2	1	3	1
Friday, ...	4	2	1	0
Saturday, ...	3	1	2	1
Total	20	7	10	5

A very good and well-fought main, and great betting.

WE are informed, that Sir Henry Tempest Vane and Mr. Brandling have engaged to fight two mains, (three seasons each) one of the engagements at Durham, and the other at Newcastle.—To commence next spring.

TWO *white* rooks were lately taken from the rookery of Edward Curtis, Esq. of Dutton, near Cambridge. They have not a black feather about them; their legs and beaks are also white. They are both now alive.

A FINE swan, on a piece of water belonging to the Marquis of Stafford, was lately observed to be struggling and very much agitated, with its head under water, in which state it continued till the bird was completely lifeless. Upon approaching it with a boat, and lifting up the body of the swan, a large pike, of about 12lbs. weight, was drawn up, suspended at the neck, near the head, its voracity proving fatal to both.

TEN lambs were killed at Moorside Park, belonging to Mr. Dickinson, near Whitehaven, by two eagles, a few days since.

A FEW days ago, a litter of six young foxes was found amongst the ivy upon the wall just over the gates that lead from the inner court into the gardens, at Warwick Castle.

N 2 At

At the end of the Hunting Season, the Westfield hounds unkennelled a fox on Fairlight Down, which, after a long and gallant chase, they killed in good style. The gentlemen who were in at the death retired from the field to the Hare and Hounds, near Hastings, where they regaled on the heart of poor Reynard, and, like true sons of the chase, washed down the delicious morsel with bumpers of punch, highly flavoured with the perfume of his brush.

Certificates for Shooting.—A clause has been introduced into this Bill, which exempts persons from the game duty who use guns to shoot rabbits on their own grounds.

There is, within two miles of Couper Angus, Forfarshire, in the possession of a gentleman farmer, a tame otter, which has been in a domestic state these two years. This animal is as tame as a dog, and sleeps every night in bed with one of the farmer's sons.

The following passage is not the production of any obscure pugilist of the present day, but from the pen of one of the most enlightened philosophers and most powerful writers that now adorn this country:—" The frequenters of our boxing-matches would probably feel as much horror and disgust as any other persons, were they to see men deprived of the power of resistance, or opposed to very unequal force, beaten as the several combatants beat each other; but the display of manly intrepidity, firmness, gallantry, activity, strength, and presence of mind, which these contests call forth, is an honour to the English nation, and such as no man needs to be ashamed of viewing with interest, pride, and delight: and we may safely predict, that if the Magistrates, through a mistaken notion of preserving the public peace, succeed in suppressing them, there will be an end of that sense of honour and spirit of gallantry, which distinguishes the common people of this country, from that of all others; and which is not only the best guardian of their morals, but perhaps the only security now left either for our civil liberty or political independence. If men are restrained from fighting occasionally for prizes and honorary distinctions, they will soon cease to fight at all, and decide their quarrels with daggers instead of blows; in which case the lower order will become a base rabble of cowards and assassins, ready, at any time, to sacrifice the higher to the avarice and ambition of a foreign tyrant."—*Knight on Taste, part* 3, *ch.* 1. *sect.* 13.

The following notice was published in the *County Chronicle* the day on which it is dated :—

Buckingham - House, London, May 8.—Information having been transmitted to me, his Majesty's Custos Rotulorum in and for the county of Bucks, of an intended riotous assembly, aiding and assisting in breach of the peace, by a boxing match, within that part of the county of Bucks which touches or joins on the counties of Bedford and Herts, near the town of Dunstable; and that the said illegal and riotous assembly will take place on Tuesday the 10th instant, notice is hereby given, that proper steps have been taken for the detection and punishment of all persons acting as aforesaid, in breach of the peace, by the attendance of the magistrates, high constables, petty constables, and other peace-officers,

officers, entrusted with the execution of the law within the said county.

"NUGENT BUCKINGHAM,
Custos Rotulorum of
Bucks."

THURSDAY, May 19, a pitched battle was fought on Wilsden-Green, by two men, who possess a deal of science in the pugilistic art, though young, and will shortly be better known among the fashionable bruisers. The one is of the name of Jerry, better known by the name of My Lord, as being rather diminutive in stature, but well-built for a pugilist—the other named Hockley, known by the nick-name of Little Dicky. Jerry shewed a deal of play in the first round, but by a sudden and well-timed hit, he threw Hockley off his guard, and gave him a most tremendous blow in the throat, which he did not seem to relish. They both shewed a deal of pluck, and after severe fighting for twenty-five minutes, My Lord was declared the victor. Several gentlemen amateurs were present, who declared they fought admirably.

On the night of the Countess of Essex's grand rout, the Earl of T—lle's and the Earl of C—l's carriages drove up at the same time. The Earl of T—lle's reached the door first, and received him, his Countess, and daughters. The Earl of C—l, dissatisfied with his coachman, ran down the steps, seized the reins of the horses, and backed his own carriage, endeavouring, at the same time, to take the coachman from the box. The servants took the part of their brother of the *whip*; the Earl of C—l was very roughly handled, and obliged to sound a retreat, after having fallen under the horses' feet.

A *Fracas* arose on Newmarket course, between Mr. M—ish and Mr. C. B—wn, in consequence of their both riding in with their horses that were running with a precipitancy that brought them into a kind of contact that produced some personal altercation, and which was expected to take a very serious turn; by the timely interposition of *turf* friends, however, it was agreed, that neither should have the *whip hand* of the other, so that mutual apologies were given and received, to prevent the owners of *blood* horses spilling their own blood unnecessarily.

AT the last quarter sessions of the peace at Salisbury, John Pretejohn, Esq. and his coachman were fined, the master 50gs. and the servant 1l. for an assault upon John Lane, an old and infirm but respectable farmer, at Hurst, near Reading.

CRUELTY to Horses.—Little as we are inclined to feel or express satisfaction at the punishment of our fellow-men, yet when their conduct towards inferior animals degrades them below the suffering objects of their cruelty, we conceive it our duty to apprise those whose brutal propensities are not subjected to the controul of reason, that nevertheless they are amenable to the laws of their country, which are founded in wisdom and humanity. Thus, with the view of preventing the recurrence of shocking barbarity, we insert the commitment to the Northampton county gaol of the two following delinquents:—Joshua Pointer, and William Hill, boatmen, servants to Messrs.

Messrs. Pickford and Co. were convicted before J. P. Clarke, Esq. of Welton-Place, of over-driving and cruelly treating the horses entrusted to their care, while employed in towing the boats upon the Grand Junction Canal. Pointer was ordered to be confined 21, and Hill 14 days. These sentences, comparatively mild, we trust will have due effect toward inducing proper treatment to that nobly useful, but ill-fated animal, the horse; and particularly as the magistrates in that quarter have expressed their determination to make examples in future of all persons who may be found guilty of similar practices.

Another instance similar to the above occurred during the present month, when John Lumb, of Wakefield, was apprehended by a warrant, for beating his horse in a most unmerciful and cruel manner, and put in prison all night. Next morning a committal was ordered to be made out, but in consideration of his family, and his penitent behaviour, he was suffered to depart on payment of the expences, and promising not to be again guilty of such cruelty.

Thursday morning, May 5, at twenty-one minutes after five o'clock, Captain Thompson, of the 74th regiment, started at the 7th mile-stone, on the Ellon road, near Aberdeen, returning to the 4th, till he should perform a distance of one-and-twenty miles, in a given time of three hours. He accomplished the task in four minutes and a half less than the time. The first fifteen miles he went in two hours. This may be considered as an instance of the greatest exertion, and as one of the most uncommon sporting feats ever performed in Scotland. Much money was depending on the match.

On Monday, the 9th, a pedestrian match against time took place on the Margate road, when Mr. Samuel Morrell, of Canterbury, for a wager of forty guineas, undertook to walk twenty miles in four successive hours, which he performed within twenty-one minutes of the given space. The first five miles were walked in sixty miuutes, the second five in forty-eight minutes, the third five in fifty-six minutes, and the last five in fifty-five minutes.

Sports of Plowden Fair.—The Saturday of Plowden Fair, Hants, afforded plenty of amusement to the lovers of athletic sports. Previous to the usual diversion of donkey-racing, grinning through a horse's collar, virgins racing for shifts, &c. a match of single-stick playing between Hants and Somerset counties, and a pitched battle between two provincial professors, took place. The amusement began as early as eight o'clock in the morning, when Hasell and Grey contended for a prize of twenty guineas at single-stick, which was won by Grey, who contended with Davies, and was beat by him. Hasell, and another man of the name of Curtis, who belonged to Hants, with Davies, contended for the prize, which was won with difficulty by Curtis, and Hants was the successful county. The battle for a subscription purse of twenty guineas took place at ten o'clock, and after an obstinate contest of ten minutes only (no time being allowed), Godden, the favourite before setting to, beat his man, a miner of the name of Oldfield. The fair was not over until dusk in the evening.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

LINES
TO THE MEMORY OF MY SPANIEL,
DASH.

WOODCOCKS, pheasants, snipes, rejoice,
No more you'll hear poor Dash's voice;
Gun! thou now may'st lie to rust,
For Dash is number'd with the dust.

How oft, with wriggling tail, so blest,
I've mark'd thee 'midst the cover quest,
And never knew thee fail to say
Where ev'ry feather'd trembler lay.

And when, by well-directed gun,
I kill'd my bird—how thou would'st run!
And take it up so clean and neat,
Then lay it at thy master's feet.

Exulting now, with speaking eye,
Silent and still, thou down would'st lie,
And staunch as any pointer stay,
Until the word was given—Away!

I do not think that often, Dash,
Thou felt from me the odious lash,
But I had little cause to use it,
And am not one who would abuse it.

I own I've chided thee when, flush'd
With heat of chase, thou'st rashly rush'd,
And sprung at pheasant, now for instance,
When I have been far out of distance.

And this thou knew'st was very wrong,
For this thou sometimes felt the thong;
Yet we continued friends to th' last,
And never dwelt on what was past.

Fare, fare, thee well! I ne'er shall find
An equal thou hast left behind;
Ne'er more shall view thy honest face,
Thou first of all the spaniel race.

R. S.

8, *Warwick-Lane, May* 25, 1802.

THE RUSTIC's CREED.

LET Kings be clad in robes of state,
And Lords in lace upon them wait,
And bend the knee and bow the pate,
And teach their tongues to flatter;
Far happier I, in Skiddaw Grey,
With angling rod to haste away,
On Weisa's banks to sing and play,
Than Kings with all their clatter.

Let courtiers jostle in the race
That's run for pension and for place,
Take the whip-hand, or cross the chase,
To gain the loaves and fishes:
To me it matters not a pin,
Or who is *out*, or who is *in*,
I eat my crust with little din,
And circumscribe my wishes.

Let Aldermen, with wond'rous glee,
Bolt *Calipash* and *Calipee*,
And rich ragouts unknown to me,
Confections, tarts, and jelly;
Less luscious meats me better suit,
A mess of beans, or parsnip root,
Will guard my great toe from the gout,
From spasms protect my belly.

Let gentry in their coaches ride,
And, lolling, look with mickle pride,
And lacquies caper by their side,
With many a crack and quaver;
My heart far nobler pleasure feels,
With honest *Bawty* at my heels,
Whilst angling for my trouts and eels
In Wampool or in Waver.

Let misers cent. per cent. their store,
And starve in want, to make it more,
Pile up their guineas score by score,
And idolise their riches;
I envy not their heaps—not I!
Life's comforts I contrive to buy
With forty pounds' annuity,
And wear undarned breeches.

Oft have I mus'd, and mus'd again,
(And still the thought inflicted pain)

That

That oft the rich the poor disdain,
And frown them from their dwelling;
While men less rich we may descry,
Who ne'er poor beggar-man deny,
Where want speaks from his pleading eye;
This tale is worth the telling!

QUINTETTO,

FROM THE FARCE OF "WHO WINS? OR, THE WIDOW'S CHOICE."

Trust, Matthew, Extempore, Caper, and the Widow Bellair.

Trust. THE dice-box take, the terms you know—
He wins, who throws the highest throw.
Mrs. B.—O fortune favour my request,
(aside) And let him win, who I like best.
Extemp. I always lost at ev'ry game,
And now expect to do the same.
Caper. I never lost in all my life,
So now for riches and a wife.
Matthew. I well know which I wish to win,
O Fortune, take the merchant in!
Mrs. Bel. Now, fortune with my hopes keep pace.
Extemp. (after throwing) What is my throw?
Is it high?
Caper. Or is it low?
Matthew. It is deuce ace!
All. It is deuce ace!
Mrs. Bel. (aside) Deuce ace!—ah me!
Caper. Deuce ace! ha, ha!
Matthew. Deuce ace, I see—
All. He'll lose, I see—
Mrs. Bel. How the odious wretch grimaces!
Caper. Come, the box, and take your places;
What is my throw?
Is it high?
Extemp. Or is it low?
All. High or low?
Matthew. He has thrown aces!
Extemp. Aces! then I've won!
Mrs. Bel. (aside) Aces—ho! ho!
Caper. I have lost and am undone! —
All. He has lost, and is undone.
All. Now if the lady should but prove,
Kind, gentle, fair, and form'd for love,
Thrice happy he, by fortune blest,
Of ev'ry joy in life possess'd.

SONG—*(Extempore).*

(FROM THE SAME.)

I'LL write a play, an opera, pantomime,
Farce, comedy, deep tragedy in rhyme—
Scenery, music, dancing and action,
All shall be combin'd without distraction.
The farce to make 'em grin,
The tragedy all glum;—
Drums and trumpets, what a din!
And pantomime quite dumb.
Harlequin and Columbine,
Kings and queens in dresses fine.
Scenery, machinery,
Declamation, decoration,
Dancing and speaking,
Singing and squeaking,
Puppets work'd by wire,
Real water, real fire,
A large dromedary dancing,
And some little ponies prancing.
Then I'll have a fiery dragon,
Harness'd to a broad-wheel'd waggon!
Scenery, music, dancing, action,
All shall blend without distraction.
Now the prompter rings his bell,
And the band begin pell-mell!
Clouds, lightning, and loud thunder,
Large trees are cleft asunder!
Rain, hail, tempest, rattle,
Cannon bang!—A battle—
A mighty crash!
And now the fell enchantment's broke,
Away with thunder, fire, and smoke!
Tempest subsiding,
Moon gently rising,
Night fine and serene,
All the stars are seen;
Conflagration—consternation,
All the ocean in commotion!
Flash, splash, a mighty crash!
All is in commotion!
Rain, hail, tempest, rattle,
Cannon bang!—a battle!—
A mighty crash!
Oh! what a most delightful jumble!
If people come, let critics grumble.

EPIGRAM.

From the Latin of Naugerius.

A Woman once, as it is sung,
Could speak so loud without a tongue,
That you could hear her full a mile hence:—
A greater wonder I can tell,
I knew a woman very well,
That had a tongue, and yet *kept silence!*